
PAN

Translated from the Norwegian by W. WORSTER, M.A.

PAN

BY

KNUT HAMSUN

AUTHOR OF
"GROWTH OF THE SOIL" "MOTHWISE"
ETC. ETC.

GYLDENDAL

21 BURLEIGH STREET, COVENT GARDEN
LONDON, W.C.2

COPENHAGEN

CHRISTIANIA

First Published October 1920
Second Impression . . . April 1921

PAN

I

THESE last few days I have been thinking and thinking of the Nordland summer, with its endless day. Sitting here thinking of that, and of a hut I lived in, and the woods behind the hut. And writing things down, by way of passing the time; to amuse myself, no more. The time goes very slowly; I cannot get it to pass as quickly as I would, though I have nothing to sorrow for, and live as pleasantly as could be. I am well content with all, and my thirty years are no age to speak of. A few days back someone sent me two feathers. Two bird's feathers in a sheet of note-paper with a coronet, and fastened with a seal. Sent from a place a long way off; from one who need not have sent them back at all. That amused me too, those devilish green feathers.

And for the rest I have no troubles, unless for a touch of gout now and again in my left foot, from an old shot-wound, healed long since.

Two years ago, I remember, the time passed quickly—quicker beyond all comparison with time now. A summer was gone before I knew. Two years ago it was, in 1855; I will write of it just to amuse myself; of something that happened to me, or something I dreamed. Now, I have forgotten many things belonging to that time, by having scarcely thought of them since. But I remember the nights were very light. And many things seemed curious and unnatural. Twelve months to the year—but night was like day, and never a star to be seen in the sky. And the people I met were strange, and of a different nature from those I had known before; sometimes a single night was enough to make them blossom out from a child into the full of their glory, ripe and fully grown. No witchery in this; only I had never seen the like before. No.

In a white, roomy home down by the sea I met with one that busied my thoughts for a little time. I do not always think of her now; not any more, no; I have forgotten her. But I

think of all the other things : the cry of the sea-birds, my hunting in the woods, my nights, and all the warm hours of that summer. After all, it was only by the merest accident I happened to meet her ; save for that, she would never have been in my thoughts for a day.

From the hut where I lived, I could see a confusion of rocks and reefs and islets, and a little of the sea, and a bluish mountain peak or so ; behind the hut was the forest, a huge forest it was. And I was glad and grateful beyond measure for the scent of roots and leaves, the thick smell of the fir-sap, that is like the smell of marrow ; only the forest could bring all things to calm within me ; my mind was strong and at ease. Day after day I tramped over the wooded hills with Æsop at my side, and asked no more than leave to go there still, day after day ; though most of the ground was covered still with snow and soft slush. I had no company but Æsop ; now it is Cora, but at that time it was Æsop, my dog that I afterwards shot.

Often in the evening, when I came back to the hut after being out shooting all day, I could feel that kindly, homely feeling trickling through

me from head to foot ; a pleasant little inward shivering. And I would talk to Æsop about it, saying how comfortable we were. " There, now we'll get a fire going, and roast a bird on the hearth," I would say ; " what do you say to that ? " And when it was done, and we had both fed, Æsop would slip away to his place behind the hearth, while I lit a pipe and lay down on the bench for a while, listening to the dead soughing of the trees. There was a slight breeze bearing down towards the hut, and I could hear quite clearly the clutter of a grouse far away on the ridge behind. Save for that, all was still.

And many a time I fell asleep there as I lay, just as I was, fully dressed and all, and did not wake till the seabirds began calling. And then, looking out of the window, I could see the big white buildings of the trading station, the landing stage at Sirilund, the store where I used to get my bread. And I would lie there a while, wondering how I came to be there, in a hut on the fringe of a forest, away up in Nordland.

Then Æsop over by the hearth would shake out his long, slender body, rattling his collar,

and yawning and wagging his tail, and I would jump up, after those three or four hours of sleep, fully rested and full of joy in everything . . . everything.

Many a night passed just that way.

II

RAIN and storm ; 'tis not such things that count. Many a time some little joy can come along on a rainy day, and make a man turn off somewhere to be alone with his happiness. Stand up somewhere and look out straight ahead, laughing quietly now and again, and looking round. What is there to think of ? One clear pane in a window, a ray of sunlight in the pane, the sight of a little brook, or maybe a blue strip of sky between the clouds. It needs no more than that.

At other times, even quite unusual happenings cannot avail to lift a man from dulness and poverty of mind ; one can sit in the middle of a ballroom and be cool, indifferent, unaffected by anything. 'Sorrow and joy are from within oneself.

One day I remember now. I had gone down to the coast. The rain came on suddenly, and I slipped into an open boathouse to sit down for a while. I was humming a little, but not for any

joy or pleasure, only to pass the time. Æop was with me ; he sat up listening, and I stopped humming and listened as well. Voices outside ; people coming nearer. A mere chance, nothing more natural. A little party, two men and a girl, came tumbling in suddenly to where I sat. Calling to one another and laughing :

“ Quick ! Get in here till it stops ! ”

I got up.

One of the men had a white, soft shirt front, now soaked with the rain into the bargain, and bagging all down ; and a diamond clasp in that wet shirt front. Long, pointed shoes he wore too, that looked something affected. I greeted him good-day—it was Mack, the trader ; I knew him from the store where I used to get my bread. He had asked me to look in at the house any time, but I had not been there yet.

“ Aha, you is it ? ” said Mack at sight of me. “ We were going up to the mill, but had to turn back. Ever see such weather—what ? And when are you coming up to see us at Sirilund, Lieutenant ? ”

He introduced the little black-bearded man that was with him ; a doctor, staying down near the annexe church.

The girl lifted her veil the least little bit to her nose, and started talking to Æsop in a whisper. I noticed her jacket; I could see from the lining and the buttonholes it had been dyed. Mack introduced me to her as well; his daughter, Edvarda.

Edvarda gave me one glance through her veil, and went on whispering to the dog, and reading on its collar :

“ So you’re called Æsop, are you ? Doctor, who was Æsop ? All I can remember was that he wrote fables. Wasn’t he a Phrygian ? I can’t remember.”

A child, a schoolgirl. I looked at her—she was tall, but with no figure to speak of, about fifteen or sixteen, with long, dark hands and no gloves. Like as not she had looked up Æsop in the dictionary that afternoon, to have it ready.

Mack asked me what sport I was having. What did I shoot most ? I could have one of his boats at any time if I wanted—only let him know. The Doctor said nothing at all. When they went off again, I noticed that the Doctor limped a little, and walked with a stick.

I walked home, empty in mind as before, humming all indifferently. That meeting in

the boathouse had made no difference either way to me ; the one thing I remembered best of all was Mack's wet shirt front, with a diamond clasp, the diamond all wet too, and no great brilliance about it either.

III

THERE was a stone outside my hut, a tall grey stone. It looked as if it had a sort of friendly feeling towards me ; as if it noticed me when I came by, and knew me again. I liked to go round that way past the stone, when I went out in the morning ; it was like leaving a good friend there, that I knew would be waiting for me still when I came back.

Then up in the woods out shooting, sometimes finding game, sometimes none. . .

Out beyond the islands, the sea lay heavily calm. Many a time I have stood and looked at it from the hills, far up above. On a calm day, the ships seemed hardly to move at all ; I could see the same sail for three days, small and white, like a gull on the water. Then, perhaps, if the wind veered round, the specks in the distance would almost disappear, and there came a storm, the south-westerly gale ; a play for me to stand and watch. All things in a seething mist.

Earth and sky mingled together, the sea flung up into fantastic dancing figures of men and horses and fluttering banners on the air. I stood in the shelter of an overhanging rock, thinking many things; my soul was tense. Heaven knows, I thought to myself, what it is I am watching here, and why the sea should open before my eyes. Maybe I am watching now the inner brain of earth, how things are at work there, boiling and foaming. Æsop was restless; now and again he would thrust up his muzzle and sniff, in a troubled sort of way, with legs quivering uneasily; when I took no notice, he lay down between my feet and stared out to sea as I was doing. And never a cry, never a word of human voice to be heard anywhere; nothing; only the heavy rush of the wind about my head. There was a reef of rocks far out, lying all apart; when the sea raged up over it the water towered like a maniac screw; nay, like a sea-god rising wet in the air, and snorting, till hair and beard stood out like a wheel about his head. Then he plunged down into the breakers once more.

And in the midst of the storm, a little coal-black steamer fighting its way in. . . .

When I went down to the quay in the afternoon, the little coal-black steamer had come in ; it was the post-packet. Many people had gathered on the quayside to see the rare visitor ; I noticed that all without exception had blue eyes, however different they might be in other ways. A young girl with a white woollen kerchief over her head stood a little apart ; she had very dark hair, and the white kerchief showed up strangely against it. She looked at me curiously, at my leather suit, my gun ; when I spoke to her, she was embarrassed, and turned her head away. I said :

“ You should always wear a white kerchief like that ; it suits you well.”

Just then a burly man in an Iceland jersey came up and joined her ; he called her Eva. Evidently she was his daughter. I knew the burly man ; it was the local smith, the blacksmith. Only a few days back he had mended the nipple of one of my guns. . . .

And rain and wind did their work, and thawed away the snow. For some days a cheerless cold hovered over the earth ; rotten branches snapped, and the crows gathered in flocks, complaining. But it was not for long ; the sun was near, and

one day it rose up behind the forest. It sends
a strip of sweetness through me from head to
foot when the sun comes up ; I shoulder my gun
with quiet delight.

IV

I WAS never short of game those days, but shot all I cared to ; a hare, a grouse, a ptarmigan, and when I happened to be down near the shore, and came within range of some seabird or other, I shot them too. It was a pleasant time ; the days grew longer, and the air clearer ; I packed up things for a couple of days and set off up into the hills, up to the mountain peaks ; met reindeer Lapps, and they gave me cheese—rich little cheeses tasting of herbs. I went up that way more than once. Then going home again, I always shot some bird or other and put in my bag. I sat down and put Æsop on the lead. Miles below me was the sea ; the mountain-sides were wet and black with water running down them, dripping and trickling with the same little sound. That little sound of the water far up on the hills has shortened many an hour for me when I sat looking about. Here, I thought to myself, is a little endless song trickling away all to itself,

and no one ever hears it, and no one ever thinks of it, and still it trickles on nevertheless, to itself, all the time, all the time ! And I felt the mountains were no longer all deserted, as long as I could hear that little trickling song. Now, and again something would happen ; a clap of thunder shaking the earth, a mass of rock slipping loose and rushing down towards the sea, leaving a trail of smoking dust behind ; Æsop turned his nose to the wind at once, sniffing in surprise at the smell of burning that he could not understand. When the melting of the snow had made rifts in the hillside, a shot, or even a sharp cry was enough to loosen a great block and send it tumbling down. . . .

An hour might pass, or perhaps more ; the time went so quickly. I let Æsop loose, slung my bag over the other shoulder and set off towards home. It was getting late. Lower down in the forest, I came unfailingly upon my old, well-known path, a narrow ribbon of a path, with the strangest bends and turns. I followed each one of them, taking my time—there was no hurry. No one waiting for me at home. Free as a lord, a ruler, I could ramble about there in the peaceful woods, just as easily

as I pleased. All the birds were silent ; only the grouse was calling far away—it was always calling.

I came out of the wood and saw two figures ahead, two people moving. I came up with them, one was Jomfru Edvarda, and I recognised her, and gave a greeting ; the Doctor was with her. I had to show them my gun ; they looked at my compass, my bag ; I invited them to my hut, and they promised to come one day.

It was evening now. I went home and lit a fire, roasted a bird, and had a meal. To-morrow there would be another day. . . .

All things quiet and still. I lay that evening looking out of the window. There was a fairy glimmer at that hour over wood and field ; the sun had gone down, and dyed the horizon with a rich red light, that stood there still as oil. The sky all open and clean ; I stared into that clear sea, and it seemed as if I were lying face to face with the uttermost depth of the world ; my heart beating tensely against it, and at home there. God knows, I thought to myself, God knows why the sky is dressed in gold and mauve to-night ; if there is not some festival up in the world, some great feast with music from the

stars, and boats gliding along river ways. "It looks so !—And I closed my eyes, and followed with the boats, and thoughts and thoughts floated through my mind. . . .

So more than one day passed.

I wandered about, noting how the snow turned to water, and how the ice loosed its hold. Many a day I did not even fire a shot, when I had food enough in the hut ; only wandered about in my freedom, and let the time pass. Whichever way I turned, there was always as much to see and hear, all things changing a little every day. Even the osier thickets and the juniper stood waiting for the spring. One day I went out to the mill ; it was still icebound, but the earth around it had been trampled through many and many a year, showing how men and men again had come that way with sacks of corn on their shoulders, to be ground. It was like walking among human beings to go there ; and there were many dates and letters cut in the walls.

Well, well. . . .

V

SHALL I write more? No, no. Only a little for my own amusement's sake, and because it passes the time for me to tell of how the spring came two years back, and how all things looked that time. Earth and sea began to smell a little; there was a sweetish, rotting smell from the dead leaves in the wood, and the magpies flew with twigs in their beaks, building their nests. A couple of days more, and the brooks began to swell and foam; here and there a butterfly was to be seen, and the fishermen came home from their stations. The trader's two boats came in laden deep with fish, and anchored off the drying grounds; there was life and commotion all of a sudden out on the biggest of the islands, where the fish were to be spread on the rocks to dry. I could see it all from my window.

But no noise reached the hut; I was alone, and stayed so. Now and again someone would

pass. I saw Eva, the blacksmith's girl; she had got a couple of freckles on her nose.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Out for firewood," she answered quietly. She had a rope in her hand to carry the wood, and her white kerchief on her head. I stood watching her, but she did not turn round.

After that I saw no one for days.

The spring was urging, and the forest listened; it was a great delight to watch the thrushes sitting in the tree-tops staring at the sun and crying; sometimes I would get up as early as two in the morning, just for a share of the joy that went out from bird and beast at sunrise.

The spring had reached me too, maybe, and my blood beat at times as if it were footsteps. I sat in the hut, and thought of overhauling my fishing rods and lines and gear, but moved never a finger to any work at all, for a glad, mysterious restlessness that was in and out of my heart all the while. Then suddenly Æsop sprang up, stood and stiffened, and gave a short bark. Someone coming to the hut; I pulled off my cap quickly, and heard Jomfru Edvarda's voice already at the door. Kindly and without

ceremony she and the Doctor had come to pay me a visit, as they had said.

"Yes," I heard her say, "he is at home." And she stepped forward, and gave me her hand just in her girlish way. "We were here yesterday, but you were out," she said.

She sat down on the rug over my wooden bedstead and looked round the hut; the Doctor sat down beside me on the long bench. We talked; chatted away at ease; I told them things, such as what kind of animals there were in the woods, and what game I could not shoot because of the close season. It was the close season for grouse just now.

The Doctor did not say much this time either, but catching sight of my powder-horn, with a figure of Pan carved on it, he started to explain the myth of Pan.

"But," said Edvarda suddenly, "what do you live on when it's close season for all game?"

"Fish," I said. "Fish mostly. But there's always something to eat."

"But you might come up to us for your meals," she said. "There was an Englishman here last year—had taken the hut—he often came to us for meals."

Edvarda looked at me and I at her. I felt at the moment something touching my heart like a little fleeting welcome. It must have been the spring, and the bright day; I have thought it over since. Also, I admired the curve of her eyebrows.

She said something about my place; how I had ordered things in the hut. I had hung up skins of several sorts on the walls, and birds' wings; it looked like a shaggy den from the inside. She liked it. "Yes, a den," she said.

I had nothing to offer my visitors that they would care about; I thought of it, and would have roasted a bird for them, just for amusement; let them eat it hunter's fashion, with their fingers. It might amuse them.

And I cooked the bird.

Edvarda told about the Englishman. An old man, and eccentric; talked aloud to himself. He was a Roman Catholic, and always carried a little prayer-book, with red and black letters, about with him wherever he went.

"Was he an Irishman then?" asked the Doctor.

"An Irishman . . . ?"

"Yes—since he was a Roman Catholic."

Edvarda blushed, and stammered and looked away.

“ Well, yes, perhaps he was an Irishman.”

After that she lost her liveliness. I felt sorry for her, and tried to put matters straight again. I said :

“ No, of course you are right, he was an Englishman. Irishmen don’t go travelling about in Norway.”

We agreed to row over one day and see the fish-drying grounds. . . .

When I had seen my visitors a little on their way, I walked home again and sat down to work at my fishing gear. My hand-net had been hung from a nail by the door, and several of the meshes were damaged by rust ; I sharpened up some hooks, knotted them to lengths, and looked to the other nets. How hard it seemed to do any work at all to-day ! Thoughts that had nothing to do with the business in hand kept coming and going ; it occurred to me that I had done wrong in letting Jomfru Edvarda sit on the bed all the time, instead of offering her a seat on the bench. I saw, before me suddenly her brown face and neck ; she had fastened her apron a little low down in front, to be long-waisted, as

was the fashion ; the chaste girlish expression in her thumb affected me tenderly, and the little wrinkles above the knuckle were full of kindness. Her mouth was large and rich..

I rose up and opened the door and looked out. I could hear nothing, and indeed there was nothing to listen for. I closed the door again ; Æsop came up from his resting-place and noticed I was restless about something. Then it struck me that I might run after Jomfru Edvarda and ask her for a little silk thread to mend my net with—it would not be any pretence—I could take down the net and show her where the meshes were spoiled by rust. I was already outside the door when I remembered that I had silk thread myself in my fly-book ; more indeed than I wanted. And I went back slowly and discouraged—having silk thread myself.

A breath of something strange met me as I entered the hut again ; it seemed as if I were no longer alone there.

VI

A MAN asked me if I had given up shooting, he had not heard me fire a shot up in the hills, though he had been out fishing for two days. No, I had shot nothing; I stayed at home in the hut until I had no more food in the place.

On the third day I went out with my gun. The woods were getting green; there was a smell of earth and trees. The young grass was already springing up from the frozen moss. I was in a thoughtful mood, and sat down several times. For three days I had not seen a soul beyond the one fisherman I had met the day before; I thought to myself, perhaps I may meet someone this evening on the way home, at the edge of the wood, where I met the Doctor and Jomfru Edvarda before. Perhaps they might be going for a walk that way again—perhaps, perhaps not. But why should I think of those two in particular? I shot a couple of ptar-

migan, and cooked one of them at once ; then I tied up the dog.

I lay down on the dry ground to eat. The earth was quiet, only a little breath of the wind, and the sound of a bird here and there. I lay and watched the branches waving gently in the breeze ; the little wind was at its work, carrying pollen from branch to branch, and filling every innocent bloom ; all the forest seemed filled with delight. A green worm thing, a caterpillar, drags itself end by end along a branch, dragging along unceasingly, as if it could not rest. It sees hardly anything, for all it has eyes ; often it stands straight up in the air feeling about for something to take hold by ; it looks like a stump of green thread sewing a seam with long stitches along the branch. By the evening, perhaps, it may have reached its end.

Quiet as ever. I get up and move on, sit down and get up again. It is about four o'clock ; about six I can start for home, and see if I happen to meet anyone. Two hours to wait ; I am a little restless already, and brush the dust and heather from my clothes. I know the places I pass by, trees and stones stand there as before in their solitude ; the leaves rustle underfoot as

I walk. The monotonous breathing and the familiar trees and stones are much to me ; I am filled with a strange thankfulness ; everything seems well disposed towards me, mixes with me ; I love it all. I pick up a little dry twig and hold it in my hand and sit looking at it, and think my own thoughts ; the twig is almost rotten, its poor bark touches me, pity fills my heart. And when I get up again, I do not throw the twig far away, but lay it down, and stand liking it ; at last I look at it once more with wet eyes before I go away and leave it there.

Five o'clock. The sun tells me false time to-day ; I have been walking westward, the whole day, and come perhaps half an hour ahead of my sun marks at the hut. I am quite aware of it all, but none the less there is an hour yet till six o'clock, so I get up again and go on a little. And the leaves rustle under foot. An hour goes that way.

I look down at the little stream and the little mill that has been icebound all the winter, and I stop. The mill is working ; the noise of it wakes me, and I stop suddenly, there and then. " I have stayed out too long," I say aloud. A pang goes through me ; I turn at once and begin

walking homewards, but all the time I know I have stayed out too long. I walk faster, then run; Æsop understands there is something the matter, and pulls at the leash, drags me along, sniffs at the ground, and is all haste. The dry leaves crackle about us. But when we came to the edge of the wood there was no one there; no, all was quiet, there was no one there.

“There is no one here,” I say to myself. And yet it was no worse than I had expected.

I did not stay long, but walked on, drawn by all my thoughts, passed by my hut, and went down to Sirilund with Æsop and my bag and gun—with all my belongings.

Hr. Mack received me with the greatest friendliness, and asked me to stay to supper.

VII

I FANCY I can read a little in the souls of those about me—but, perhaps, it is not so.

Oh, when my good days are there, I feel as if I could see far into others' souls, though I am no great nor clever head. We sit in a room, some men, some women, and I, and I seem to see what is passing within them, and what they think of me. I find something in every swift little change of light in their eyes; sometimes the blood rises to their cheeks and reddens them; at other times they pretend to be looking another way, and yet watching me covertly from the side. There I sit, marking all this, and no one dreams that I see through every soul. For years past I have felt I could read the souls of all I met. But perhaps it is not so. . . .

I stayed at Hr. Mack's house all that evening. I might have gone off again at once; it did not interest me to stay sitting there—but had I not come because all my thoughts were drawing me that way? And how could I go again at once?

We played whist and drank toddy after supper ; I sat with my back turned to the rest of the room, and my head bent down ; behind me Edvarda went in and out. The Doctor had gone home.

Hr. Mack showed me the fashion of his new lamps ; the first paraffin lamps to be seen so far north. They were splendid things, with a heavy leaden foot, and he lit them himself every evening—to prevent any accident. He spoke once or twice of his grandfather, the Consul.

“ This brooch was given to my grandfather, Consul Mack, by Carl Johan with his own hands,” he said, pointing one finger at the diamond in his shirt. His wife was dead, he showed me a painted portrait of her in one of the other rooms ; a distinguished looking woman with a lace cap and a good smile. In the same room, also, there was a bookcase, and some old French books, no less, that might have been an heirloom. The bindings were rich and gilded, and many owners had marked their names in them. Among the books were several educational works ; Hr. Mack was a man of some intelligence.

His two assistants from the store were called in to make up the party at whist, they played

slowly and doubtfully, counted carefully, and made mistakes all the same. One of them, Edvarda helped with his hand.

I upset my glass, and felt shameful, and stood up.

"There—I have upset my glass," I said.

Edvarda burst out laughing, and answered :

"Well, we can see that."

All assured me laughingly that it did not matter. They gave me a towel to wipe myself with, and we went on with the game. Soon it was eleven o'clock.

I felt a vague displeasure at Edvarda's laugh. I looked at her, and found that her face had become insignificant and hardly pretty. At last Hr. Mack broke off the game, saying that his assistants must go to bed ; then he leaned back on the sofa and began talking about putting up a sign in the front of his place, and asked my advice about it. What colour did I think would be best ? I was not interested, and answered, black, without thinking at all, and Hr. Mack at once agreed :

"Black, yes, exactly what I had been thinking myself. 'Salt and barrels' in heavy black letters—that ought to look as nice as anything.

. . . Edvarda, isn't it time you were going to bed ? ”

Edvarda rose, shook hands with us both and said good-night, and left the room. We sat on. We talked of the railway that had been finished last year, and of the first telegraph line. “ Wonder when we shall have the telegraph up here.”

Pause.

“ It's like this,” said Hr. Mack, “ time goes on, and here am I, six and forty, and hair and beard gone grey. You might see me in the day-time and say I was a young man, but when the evening comes along, and I'm all alone, I feel it a good deal. I sit here mostly playing patience. It works out all right as a rule, if you fudge a little. Haha ! ”

“ If you fudge a little ? ” I asked.

“ Yes.”

I felt as if I could read in his eyes. . . .

He got up from his seat, walked over to the window and looked out ; he stooped a little, and the back of his neck was hairy. I rose in my turn. He looked round and walked towards me in his long, pointed shoes ; stuck both thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and waved his arms a little, as if they were wings, and smiled. Then

he offered me his boat again if ever I wanted one, and held out his hand.

“Wait a minute, I’ll go with you,” he said, and blew out the lamps. “Yes, yes, I feel like a little walk. It’s not so late.”

We went out.

He pointed up the road towards the blacksmith’s and said :

“This way—it’s the shortest.”

“No,” I said. “Round by the quay is the shortest way.”

We argued the point a little, and did not agree. I was convinced I was right, and could not understand why he insisted. At last he suggested that we should each go our own way ; the one who got there first could wait at the hut.

We set off, and he was soon lost to sight in the wood.

I walked at my usual pace, and reckoned to be there a good five minutes ahead. But when I got to the hut he was there already. He called out as I came up :

“What did I say ? I always go this way—it is the shortest.”

I looked at him in surprise ; he was not heated,

and did not appear to have been running. He did not stay now, but said good-night in a friendly way, and went back the way he had come.

I stood there and thought to myself : This is strange ! I ought to be some judge of distance, and I've walked both those ways several times. My good man, you've been fudging again. Was the whole thing a pretence?

I saw his back as he disappeared into the wood again.

Next moment I started off in track of him, going quickly and cautiously ; I could see him wiping his face all the way, and I was not so sure now that he had not been running before. I walked very slowly now, and watched him carefully ; he stopped at the blacksmith's. I stepped into hiding, and saw the door open, and Hr. Mack enter the house.

It was one o'clock, I could see it by the look of the sea and the grass.

VIII

A FEW days passed as best they could ; my only friend was the forest and the great loneliness. Dear God ! I had never before known what it was to be so alone as the first of those days. It was full spring now ; I found wintergreen and milfoil already, and the chaffinches had come ; I knew all the birds. Now and again I took up a couple of coins from my pocket and rattled them to break the loneliness. I thought to myself : What if Diderik and Iselin were to appear !

Night was coming on again ; the sun just dipped into the sea and rose again, red, refreshed, as if it had been down to drink. I could feel so strangely those nights, no one would believe it. Was Pan himself there sitting in a tree, watching me, to see what I might do ? Was his belly open, and he sitting there bent over as if drinking from his own belly ? But all that he did only that he might look up under his brows and watch me, and the whole tree shook

with his silent laughter, when he saw how all my thoughts ran away with me. There was a rustling everywhere in the woods, beasts spiffing, birds calling one to another, their signals filled the air. And it was flying year for the May-bug, its humming mingled with the buzz of the night moths, sounded like a whispering here and whispering there all about in the woods. So much there was to hear ! For three nights I did not sleep ; I thought of Diderik and Iselin.

“ See now,” I thought, “ they might come.” And Iselin would lead Diderik away to a tree and say :

“ Stand here, Diderik, and keep guard ; keep watch ; I will let this huntsman bind my shoe-string.”

And the huntsman is myself, and she will give me a glance of her eyes that I may understand. And when she comes, my heart knows all, and beats no longer like a heart, but rings as a bell. And under her dress she is naked from top to toe, and I lay my hand on her,

“ Tie my shoe-string,” she says, with flushed cheeks. And a little after, she whispers close to my mouth, close to my lips : “ Oh, you are

not tying my shoe-string, you my lover, no, you are not tying—are not tying my . . .”

But the sun dips down into the sea and rises again, red and refreshed, as if it had been to drink. And the air is full of whisperings.

An hour after, she speaks, close to my mouth :
“ Now I must leave you.”

And she turns and waves her hand to me as she goes, and her face is flushed still ; her face is tender and full of delight. And again she turns and waves to me.

But Diderik steps out from under the tree and says :

“ Iselin, what have you done ? I saw you.”

She answers :

“ Diderik, what did you see ? I have done nothing.”

“ Iselin, I saw what you did,” he says again ;
“ I saw you.”

And then her rich, glad laughter rings through the wood, and she goes off with him, sinful and full of rejoicing from top to toe. And whither, does she go ? To the next mortal man ; to a huntsman in the woods.

It was midnight. Æsop had broken loose, and been out hunting by himself ; I heard him

baying up in the hills, and when at last I got him back it was one o'clock. A girl came from herding goats; she fastened her stocking and hummed a tune and looked around. But where was her flock? And what was she doing in the woods at midnight time? Ah, nothing, nothing. Walking there for restlessness, perhaps, for joy; 'twas her affair. I thought to myself, she had heard Æsop in the woods, and knew I was out.

As she came up I rose and stood and looked at her, how slight and young she was. Æsop, too, stood looking at her.

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"From the mill," she answered.

But what could she have been doing at the mill so late at night?

"How can you venture into the woods so late at night," I said. "You so slight and young?"

She laughed, and said:

"I am not so young—I am nineteen."

But she could not be nineteen; I am certain she was lying for those two years, and was only seventeen. But why should she lie to seem older?

“ Sit down,” I said, “ and tell me your name.”

And she sat down, blushing, by my side, and told me her name was Henriette.

Then I asked her :

“ Have you a lover, Henriette, and has he ever taken you in his arms ? ”

“ Yes,” she said, smiling shyly.

“ How many times already ? ”

She is silent.

“ How many times ? ” I ask her again.

“ Twice,” she answered softly.

I drew her to me and said :

“ How did he do it ? Was it like this ? ”

“ Yes,” she whispered, trembling.

Soon it was four o'clock.

I X

I HAD some talk with Edvarda.

“ We shall have rain before long,” I said.

“ What is the time,” she asked.

I looked at the sun and answered :

“ About five.”

She asked :

“ Can you tell so nearly by the sun ? ”

“ Yes,” I answered ; “ that I can.”

Pause.

“ But when you can't see the sun, how do you tell the time then ? ”

“ Then I can tell by other things. There's high tide and low tide, and the grass that lies over at certain times, and the song of the birds that changes ; some birds begin to sing when others leave off. Then I can tell the time by flowers that close in the afternoon ; and leaves that are bright green at some times, and dull green at others ; and then, besides, I can feel it.”

•“ I see.” •

'Now I was expecting rain, and for Edvarda's sake I would not keep her there any longer on the road ; I raised my cap. But she stopped me suddenly with a new question, and I stayed. She blushed, and asked me why I had come to the place at all ? Why I went out shooting, and why this and why that ? For I never shot more than I needed for food, and left my dog idle . . . ?

She looked flushed and humble. I understood that someone had been talking about me, and she had heard it ; she was not speaking for herself. And something about her called up a feeling of tenderness in me ; she looked so helpless, I remembered that she had no mother ; her thin arms gave her an ill-cared-for appearance. I could not help feeling it so. '

Well, I did not go out shooting just to murder things, but to live. I had need of one grouse to-day and so I did not shoot two, but shot the other to-morrow. Why shoot more ? I lived in the woods, as a son of the woods. And from the first of June it was close time for hare and ptarmigan ; there was but little left for me to shoot at all now ; well and good, then I could go fishing, and live on fish. I would borrow her father's boat and row out in that. No, indeed,

I did not go out shooting for the lust of killing things, but only to live in the woods. It was a good place for me; I could lie down on the ground at meals, instead of sitting upright on a chair; I did not upset my glass there. In the woods I could do as I pleased; I could lie down flat on my back and close my eyes if I pleased; and I could say whatever I liked to say. Often one might feel a wish to say something, to speak aloud, and it sounded like speech from the very heart in the woods. . . .

When I asked her if she understood all this, she said, Yes.

And I went on, and told her more, because her eyes were on me. "If you only knew all that I see out in the wilds," I said. "In winter, I come walking along, and see, perhaps, the tracks of ptarmigan in the snow. Suddenly the track disappears; the bird has taken wing. But from the marks of the wings I can see which way the game has flown, and before long I have tracked it down again. There is always a little of something new in that for me. In autumn, many a time there are shooting stars to watch. Then I think to myself, being all alone, what was that? A world seized with convulsions all at

once? A world going all to pieces before my eyes? To think that I—that I should be granted the sight of shooting stars in my life! But when summer comes, then perhaps there may be a little living creature on every leaf; I can see that some of them have no wings; they can make no great way in the world, but must live and die on that one little leaf where they came into the world.

“Then sometimes I see the blue flies. But it all seems such a little thing to talk about—I don’t know if you understand?”

“Yes, yes, I understand.”

“Good. Well, then sometimes I look at the grass, and perhaps the grass is looking at me again, who can say? I look at a single blade of grass, it quivers a little maybe, and thinks me something. And I think to myself: Here is a little blade of grass all a-quivering. Or if it happens to be a fir tree I look at, then maybe the tree has one branch that makes me think of it a little too. But sometimes I meet people up on the moors; it happens at times.”

I looked at her; she stood bending forward, listening. I hardly knew her. So lost in attention she was that she took no heed of her-

self, but was ugly, foolish looking ; her underlip hung far down.

“ Yes, yes,” she said, and drew herself up.

The first drops of rain began to fall.

“ It is raining,” said I.

“ Oh ! Yes, it is raining,” she said, and went away on the instant.

I did not see her home ; she went on her way alone ; I hurried up to the hut. A few minutes passed, it began to rain heavily. Suddenly I heard someone running after me. I stop short, and there is Edvarda.

“ I forgot,” she said breathlessly, “ we were going over to the islands, the drying grounds, you know. The Doctor is coming to-morrow ; will you have time then ? ”

“ To-morrow ? Yes, indeed. I shall have time enough.”

“ I forgot it,” she said again, and smiled.

As she went, I noticed her thin, pretty calves, they were wet far above the ankle. Her shoes were worn through.

X

THERE is another day I remember well.

It was the day my summer came. The sun began shining while it was still night, and dried up the wet ground for the morning. The air was soft and fine after the last rain.

It was in the afternoon I went down to the quay. The water was perfectly still, we could hear talking and laughter over from the island, where men and girls were at work on the fish. It was a happy afternoon.

Ay, was it not a happy afternoon? We took hampers of food and wine with us, a big party we were, in two boats, with young women in light dresses. I was so happy that I hummed a tune.

And when we were in the boat, I fell to thinking where all these young people came from. There were the daughters of the Lensman and the district surgeon, a governess or so, and the ladies from the vicarage; I had not seen them

before; they were strangers to me, and yet for all that as friendly as if we had known each other for years. I made some mistakes; I had grown unaccustomed to being in society," and often said "*Du*"¹ to the young ladies, but they did not seem offended with me for that. And once I said "dear," or "my dear," but they forgave me that as well, and took no notice of it.

Hr. Mack had his unstarched shirt front on as usual, with the diamond in. He seemed in excellent spirits, and called across to the other boat:

"Hi, look after the hamper with the bottles, you madcaps there. Doctor, I shall hold you responsible for the wine."

"Right!" cried the Doctor. And just those few words from one boat to another seemed to me pleasant and merry to hear.

Edvarda was wearing the same dress she had worn the day before, as if she had no other, or did not care to put on another. Her shoes, too, were the same. I fancied her hands were not quite clean, but she wore a brand new hat, with

¹ "Du" = thou, the familiar form of address (*tutoyer*) instead of "De" = you.

feathers. She had taken her dyed jacket with her, and used it to sit on.

At Hr. Mack's request I fired a shot just as we were about to land, two shots, both barrels ; and they cheered. We rambled up over the island, the workers greeted us all, and Hr. Mack stopped to speak to his folk. We found daisies and corn marigolds and put them in our button-holes ; some found harebells.

And a host of seabirds chattering and screaming in the air and on the shore.

We camped out on a patch of grass where there were a few stunted birches all white in the bark ; the hampers were opened, and Hr. Mack saw to the bottles. Light dresses, blue eyes, the ring of glasses, the sea, the white sails. And we sang a little.

And cheeks were flushed.

An hour later, my thought is all rejoicing ; even little things affect me. A veil fluttering from a hat, a girl's hair coming down ; a pair of eyes closing in a laugh, and it touches me. That day, that day !

"I've heard you've such a queer little hut up there, Lieutenant ?"

“Yes, a nest. And the very thing for me. Come and see me there one day, Fröken ; there’s no such hut anywhere else. And the great forest behind it.”

Another comes up and says kindly :

“You have not been up here in the north before ? ”

“No,” I say in answer. “But I know all about it already, ladies. At night I am face to face with the mountains, the earth, and the sun. But I will not try to use fine words. What a summer you have here ! It springs out one night when all are asleep, and in the morning there it is. I looked out of my window and saw it myself. I have two little windows.”

A third comes up. She is charming by reason of her voice and her small hands. How charming they all are ! The third one says :

“Shall we change flowers ? It brings luck, they say.”

“Yes,” said I, holding out my hand, “let us change flowers, and I thank you for it. How pretty you are ; you have a lovely voice, I have been listening to it all the time.”

But she draws back her harebells again and says shortly :

“What are you thinking about? It was not you I meant.”

It was not me she meant! It hurt me to feel that I had been mistaken; I wished myself home again, far away in my hut, where only the wind could speak to me. “I beg your pardon,” I say; “forgive me.” The other ladies look at one another, and move away, not to humiliate me.

Just at that moment someone came quickly over towards us; all could see her—it was Edvarda. She came straight to me, she says something, and throws her arms round my neck, clasps her arms round my neck and kisses me again and again on the lips. Each time she says something, but I do not hear what it is. I could not understand it all, my heart stood still, I had only a feeling of her burning look. Then she slipped away from me; her little breast beat up and down. She stood there yet, with her brown face and brown neck, tall and slender, with flashing eyes and altogether heedless; all were looking at her. For the second time I was fascinated by her dark eyebrows, that curved high up into her forehead.

But, Heavens—the girl had kissed me openly in sight of all !

“What is it, Jomfru Edvarda ?” I asked, and I can hear my blood beating, hear it as it were from down in my throat, so that I cannot speak distinctly.

“Nothing,” she answers. “Only that I wanted to. It doesn’t matter.”

I took off my cap and brushed away my hair mechanically as I stood looking at her. “Doesn’t matter . . . ?”

Hr. Mack was saying something, a good way off ; we could not hear his words from where we were. But I was glad to think that Hr. Mack had seen nothing, that he knew nothing of this. It was well indeed that he had been away from the party just then. I feel relieved at that, and I step over to the others and say with a laugh, and seeming quite indifferent :

“I would ask you all to forgive my unseemly behaviour a moment ago ; I am myself extremely sorry about it. Jomfru Edvarda kindly offered to change flowers with me, and I forgot myself. I beg her pardon and yours. Put yourself in my place ; I live all alone, and am not accustomed to the society of ladies ; besides which,

I have been drinking wine, and I am not used to that either. You must make allowances for that."

And I laughed, and showed great indifference to such a trifle, that it might be forgotten ; but, inwardly, I was serious. Moreover, what I had said made no impression on Edvarda, she did not try to hide anything, to smooth over the effect of her hasty action ; on the contrary, she sat down close to me, and looked at me all the time. Now and again she spoke to me. And afterwards, when we were playing "*Enke*," she said :

"I shall have Lieutenant Glahn. I don't care to run after anyone else."

"*Saa for Satan*,¹ girl, be quiet," I whispered, stamping my foot.

She gave a look of surprise, and made a wry face, as if hurt, and then smiled bashfully. I was deeply moved at that ; the helpless look in her eyes, and her little thin figure were more than I could resist ; I was drawn to her in that moment, and took her long, slight hand in mine.

"Afterwards," I said. "No more now. We can meet again to-morrow."

¹ Expletive, equivalent to "The Devil!" or "Damnation!"

XI

IN the night I heard Æsop get up from his corner and growl; I heard it through my sleep, but as I was dreaming just then of shooting, the growl of the dog fitted into the dream, and it did not wake me quite. When I stepped out of the hut at two o'clock next morning there were tracks in the grass of a pair of human feet; someone had been there, had gone first to one of my windows, then to the other. The tracks were lost again down on the road.

She came towards me with hot cheeks, with a face all beaming.

"Have you been waiting?" she said. "I was afraid you would have to wait."

I had not been waiting; she was on the way before me.

"Have you slept well?" I asked. I hardly knew what to say.

"No, I haven't. I have been awake," she

answered. And she told me she had not slept that night, but sat in a chair with her eyes closed. And she had been out of the house for a little walk.

“Someone was outside my hut last night,” said I. “I saw tracks in the grass this morning.”

And her face coloured, she took my hand there, on the road, and did not answer. I looked at her, and said :

“Was it you, I wonder ?”

“Yes,” she answered, pressing close to me. “It was I. I hope I didn’t wake you—I stepped as quietly as I could. Yes, it was I. I was near you again. I am so fond of you.”

XII

EVERY day, every day I met her. I will tell the truth ; I was glad to meet her ; ay, my heart flew. It is two years ago this year ; now, I think of it only when I please ; the whole story just amuses and distracts me. And as for the two green feathers, I will tell about them in good time.

There were several places where we could meet ; at the mill, on the road, even in my hut ; she came wherever I would. “ *Goddag !* ” she cried, always first, and I answered “ *Goddag !* ”

“ You are happy to-day,” she says, and her eyes sparkle.

“ Yes, I am happy,” I answer. “ There is a speck there on your shoulder ; it is dust, perhaps, a speck of mud from the road ; I must kiss that little spot. No, let me, I will. Everything about you touches me so, I am all senseless. I did not sleep last night.”

And that was true. Many a night I lay and could not sleep.

We walk side by side along the road.

"What do you think—am I as you like me to be?" she asks. "Perhaps I talk too much? No? Oh, but you must say what you really think. Sometimes I think to myself this can never come to any good. . . ."

"What can never come to any good?" I ask.

"This between us. That it cannot come to any good. You may believe it or not, but I am shivering now with cold; I feel icy cold all down my back the moment I come to you. Just out of happiness."

"It is the same with me," I answer. "I feel a shiver, too, when I see you. But it will come to some good all the same. And, anyhow, let me pat you on the back a little, to warm you."

And she lets me, half unwillingly, and then I hit a little harder, for a jest, and laugh, and ask if that doesn't make her feel better.

"Oh, please, don't when I ask you, please," says she.

Those few words! There was something so

helpless about her, saying it so, the wrong way round : Please don't when I ask you. . . .

Then we went on along the road again. Was she displeased with me for a jest, I wondered ? And thought to myself, well, let us see. And I said :

“ I just remembered something. Once, when I was out with a sledge party, there was a young lady who took a silk kerchief from her neck and fastened it round mine. In the evening, I said to her : ‘ You shall have your kerchief again to-morrow ; I will have it washed.’ ‘ No,’ she said, ‘ give it me now, I will keep it just as it is, after you have worn it.’ And I gave it her. Three years after, I met the same young lady again. ‘ The kerchief,’ I said. And she brought it out. It lay in a paper all unwashed as before ; I saw it myself.”

Edvarda glanced up at me.

“ Yes ? And what then ? ”

“ That is all,” I said. “ There was nothing more. But I thought it was nice of her.”

Pause.

“ Where is that lady now ?

“ Abroad.”

"We spoke no more of that. But when it was time for her to go home, she said :

"Well, good-night. But you won't go thinking of that lady any more, will you? I don't think of any but you."

I believed her. I saw that she meant what she said, and it was more than enough for me that she thought of no one else. I walked after her.

"Thank you, Edvarda," I said. And after I added with all my heart: "You are all too good for me, but I am thankful that you will have me; God will reward you for that. I'm not so fine as many you could have, no doubt, but I am all yours, so endlessly yours, by my eternal soul. What are you thinking of now, to bring tears to your eyes?"

"It was nothing," she answered. "It sounded so strange that God would reward me for that. You say things that I . . . Oh, I love you so."

And all at once she threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me hotly, there in the middle of the road.

When she had gone, I stepped aside into the

woods to hide, and be alone with my happiness.
And then hurried eagerly back to the road to
see if any had not noticed I had gone in there.
But I saw no one.

XIII

SUMMER nights and still water, and the woods endlessly still. No cry, no footsteps from the road, my heart seemed full as with dark wine.

Moths and night-flies came flying noiselessly in through my window, lured by the glow from the hearth, and the smell of the bird I had cooked. They dash against the roof with a dull sound, flutter past my ears, sending a cold shiver through me, and settle on my white powder-horn on the wall. I watch them, they sit trembling and look at me; moths and spinners and burrowing things. Some of them look like pansies on the wing.

I step outside the hut and listen. Nothing, no noise, all is asleep. The air is alight with flying insects, myriads of buzzing wings. Out at the edge of the wood are ferns and aconite, the trailing arbutus is in bloom, and I love its tiny flowers. Thank, my God, for every heather bloom I have ever seen; they have been like

small roses on my way, and I weep for love of them. Somewhere near are wild carnations ; I cannot see them, but mark their scent..

But now, in the hours of night, great white flowers have opened suddenly ; their chalices are spread wide ; they are breathing. And furry twilight moths slip down into their petals, making the whole plant quiver. I go from one flower to another ; they are intoxicated, they are sexually intoxicated flowers, and I mark how their intoxication comes.

Light footsteps, a human breathing, a happy "*Godaften.*"

And I answer, and throw myself down on the road, and clasp two knees and a poor dress.

"*Godaften, Edvarda,*" I say again, worn out with joy.

"That you should care for me so," she whispers.

And I answer her : " If you knew how grateful I can be ! You are mine, and my heart lies still within me all the day, thinking of you. You are the loveliest girl on earth, and I have kissed you. Often I go red with joy only to think that I have kissed you."

“Why are you so fond of me this evening?” she asks.

I was that for endless reasons; I needed only to think of her to feel so. That look of hers, from under the high-arched brows, and her rich, dark skin!

“Should I not be fond of you?” I say again. “I thank every tree in my path for that you are well and strong. Once at a dance there was a young lady who sat out dance after dance, and they let her sit there alone. I did not know her, but her face touched me, and I bowed to her. Well? But no, she shook her head. Would she not dance, I asked her? ‘Can you imagine it?’ she said, ‘My father was a handsome man, and my mother a perfect beauty, and my father won her by storm. But I was born lame.’”

Edvarda looked at me.

“Let us sit down,” she said.

And we sat down in the heather.

“Do you know what my friend says about you?” she began. “Your eyes are like an animal’s, she says, and when you look at her, it makes her mad. It is just as if you touched her, she says.”

A strange joy thrilled me when I heard that, not for my own sake, but for Edvarda's, and I thought to myself: There is only one that I care for, what does that one say of the look in my eyes? And I asked her:

"Who was that, your friend?"

"I will not tell you," she said, but it is one of those that were out on the island that day."

"Very well then."

And then we spoke of other things.

"My father is going to Russia in a few days," said she. "And I am going to have a party. Have you been out to Korholmerne? We must have two hampers of wine; the ladies from the vicarage are coming again, and father has already given me the wine. And you won't look at her again, will you? My friend, I mean. Please, you won't, will you? Or I shall not ask her at all."

And with no more words she threw herself passionately about my neck, and looked at me, gazing into my face, and breathing heavily. Her glance was sheer blackness.

I got up abruptly, and, in my confusion, could only say:

"So your father is going to Russia?"

“What did you get up like that for, so quickly?” she asked.

“Because it is late, Edvarda,” I said. “Now the white flowers are closing again, the sun is getting up, it will soon be day.”

I went with her through the wood and stood watching her as long as I could; far down, she turned round and called softly good-night. Then she disappeared. At the same moment, the door of the blacksmith’s house opened, a man with a white shirt front came out, looked round, set his hat farther over his forehead, and took the road down to Sirilund.

Edvarda’s good-night was still in my ears.

XIV

A MAN may be drunk with joy. I fire off my gun, and an unforgettable echo answers from hill to hill, floats out over the sea and rings in some sleepy helmsman's ears. And what have I to be joyful about? A thought that came to me, a memory; a sound in the woods, a human being. I think of her, I close my eyes and stand still there on the road, and think of her; I count the minutes.

Now I am thirsty, and drink from the stream; now I walk a hundred paces forward and a hundred paces back; it must be late by now, I say to myself.

Can there be anything wrong? A month has passed, and a month is no long time; there is nothing wrong. Heaven knows this month has been short. But the nights are often long, and I am driven to wet my cap in the stream and let it dry, only to pass the time, while I am waiting.

I reckoned my time by nights. Sometimes

there would be a night when Edvarda did not come—once she stayed away two nights. Two nights. Nothing wrong, no. But I felt then that perhaps my happiness had reached and passed its height.

And had it not ?

“Can you hear, Edvarda, how restless it is in the woods to-night ? Rustling incessantly in the undergrowth, and the big leaves trembling. Something brewing, maybe — but it was not that I had in mind to say. I hear a bird away up on the hill ; only a tomtit—but it had sat there calling in the same place two nights now. Can you hear, the same, same note again ?”

“Yes, I hear it. Why do you ask me that ?”

“Oh, for nothing at all. It has been there two nights now. That was all. . . . Thanks, thanks for coming this evening, love. I sat here, expecting you this evening or the next, looking forward to it, when you came.”

“And I have been waiting too. I think of you, and I have picked up the pieces of the glass you upset once, and kept them—do you remember ? Father went away last night, I could not come, there was so much to do with the packing, and reminding him of things. I

knew you were waiting here in the woods, and I cried, and went on packing."

But it is two nights, I thought to myself. What was she doing the first night? And why is there less joy in her eyes now than before?

An hour passed. The bird up in the hills was silent, the woods lay dead. No, no; nothing wrong, all as before; she gave me her hand to say good-night, and looked at me in love.

"To-morrow?" I said.

"No, not to-morrow," she answered.

I did not ask her why.

"To-morrow is our party," she said with a laugh. "I was only going to surprise you, but you looked so miserable, I had to tell you at once. I was going to send you an invitation all on paper."

And my heart was lightened unspeakably.

She went off, nodding farewell.

"One thing more," said I, standing where I was. "how long is it since you gathered up the pieces of that glass and put them away?"

"Why—a week ago, perhaps, or a fortnight. Yes, perhaps a fortnight. But why do you

ask? Well, I will tell you the truth—it was yesterday.”

It was yesterday! No longer since than yesterday she had thought of me. All was well again now.

XV

THE two boats lay ready, and we stepped on board. Talking and singing. The place, Korholmerne, lay out beyond the islands; it took a good while to row across, and on the way we talked one party with another from boat to boat. The Doctor wore light things, as the ladies did; I had never seen him so pleased before; he talked with the rest, instead of listening silently. I had an idea he had been drinking a little, and was in good humour to-day. When we landed, he craved the attention of the party for a moment, and bade us welcome. I thought to myself: This means that Edvarda has asked him to act as host.

He fell to entertaining the ladies in the most amiable manner. To Edvarda he was polite and kind, often fatherly, and pedantically instructive, as he had been so many times before. She spoke of some date or other, saying: "I was born in '38," and he asked, "Eighteen

hundred and thirty-eight, I suppose you mean ? ” And if she had answered “ No, in nineteen hundred and thirty-eight,” he would have shown no embarrassment, but only corrected her again, and said, “ I think you must be mistaken.” When I said anything myself, he listened politely and attentively, and did not disregard me.

A young girl came up to me with a greeting. I did not know her again, I could not remember her, and I said a few words in surprise, and she laughed. It was one of the Dean’s daughters. I had met her the day we went to the island before, and invited her to my hut. We talked together a little.

An hour or so passed by. I was feeling dull, and drank from the wine poured out for me, and mixed with the others, chatting with them all. Again I make a mistake here and there, I am on doubtful ground, and cannot tell at the moment how to answer any little civility ; it happens now and then that I talk incoherently, or even find nothing to say at all, and this troubles me. Over by the big rock we are using as a table sits the Doctor, gesticulating.

“ Soul—what is the soul ? ” he was saying. The Dean’s daughter had accused him of being

a free-thinker—well, and should not a man think freely? People imagined hell as a sort of house down under the ground, with the devil as host—or rather, as sovereign lord. Then he spoke of the altar picture in the annexe chapel, a figure of the Christ, with a few Jews and Jewesses; water into wine—well and good. But Christ had a halo round His head. And what was a halo? Simply a yellow hoop fixed on three hairs.

Two of the ladies clasped their hands aghast, but the Doctor extricated himself, and said jestingly :

“Sounds horrible, doesn’t it? I admit it. But if you repeat it and repeat it again to yourself seven or eight times, and then think over it a little, it soon sounds easier. . . . Ladies, your very good health!”

And he knelt on the grass before the two ladies, and instead of taking his hat off and laying it before him he held it straight up in the air with one hand, and emptied his glass with his head bent back. I was altogether carried away by his wonderful ease of manner, and would have drunk with him myself but that his glass was empty.

Edvarda was following him with her eyes. I placed myself near her, and said :

“ Shall we play ‘ *Enke* ’ to-day ? ”

She started slightly, and got up.

“ Be careful not to say ‘ *Du* ’ to each other now,” she whispered.

Now I had not said “ *Du* ” at all. I walked away.

Another hour passed. The day was getting long ; I would have rowed home alone long before if there had been a third boat ; Æsop lay tied up in the hut, and perhaps he was thinking of me. Edvarda’s thoughts must surely be far away from me ; she talked of how lovely it would be to travel, and see strange places ; her cheeks flushed at the thought, and she even stumbled in her speech :

“ No one could be more happier than I the day . . . ”

“ More happier . . . ? ” said the Doctor.

“ What ? ” said she.

“ More happier.”

“ I don’t understand.”

“ You said ‘ more happier,’ I think.”

“ Did I ? I’m sorry. No one could be happier than I the day I stood on board the

ship. Sometimes I long for places I do not know myself."

She longed to be away; she did not think of me. I stood there, and read in her face that she had forgotten me. Well, there was nothing to be said—but I stood there myself and saw it in her face. And the minutes dragged so miserably slowly by. I asked several of the others if we ought not to row back now; it was getting late, I said, and Æsop was tied up in the hut. But none of them wanted to go back.

I went over again to the Dean's daughter, for the third time; I thought she must be the one that had said I had eyes like an animal. We drank together; she had quivering eyes, they were never still; she kept looking at me, and then looking away, all the time.

"Fröken," I said, "do you not think people here in these parts are like the short summer itself? In their feeling, I mean? Beautiful, but lasting only a little while?"

I spoke loudly, very loudly, and I did so on purpose. And I went on speaking loudly, and asked that young lady once more if she would not like to come up one day and see my hut. "Heaven bless you for it," I said in my distress,

and I was already thinking to myself how, perhaps, I might find something to give her as a present if she came. Perhaps I had 'nothing to give her, but my powder-horn, I thought.

And she promised to come.

Edvarda sat with her face turned away, and let me talk as much as I pleased. She listened to what the others said, putting in a word herself now and again. The Doctor told the young ladies' fortunes by their hands, and talked a lot; he himself had small, delicate hands, and a ring on one finger. I felt myself unwanted, and sat down by myself awhile, on a stone. It was getting late in the afternoon. Here I am, I said to myself, sitting all alone on a stone, and the only creature that could make me move, she lets me sit. Well, then, I care no more than she.

A great forsakenness came over me. I could hear them talking behind me, and I heard how Edvarda laughed; and at that I got up suddenly and went over to the party. My excitement ran away with me.

"Just a moment," I said; "it occurred to me while I was sitting there that perhaps you might like to see my fly-book." And I took

out my fly-book. "I am sorry I did not think of it before. Just look through it, if you please; I should be only too delighted, you must all see it; there are both red and yellow flies in it." And I held my cap in my hand as I spoke. I was myself aware that I had taken off my cap, and knew it was wrong, and so I put it on again at once.

There was deep silence for a moment, and no one offered to take the book. At last the Doctor reached out his hand for it and said politely :

"Thanks very much, let us look at the things. It's always been a marvel to me how those flies were put together."

"I make them myself," I said, full of thankfulness towards him. And I went on at once to explain how it was done. It was simple enough; I bought the feathers and the hooks; they were not well made, but they were only for my own use. One could get ready-made flies in the shops, and they were beautiful things.

Edvarda cast one careless glance at me and my book, and went on talking with her girl friends.

“ Ah, here are some of the feathers,” said the Doctor. “ Look, these are really fine.”

Edvarda looked up.

“ The green ones are pretty,” she said ; “ let me look, Doctor.”

“ Keep them,” I cried. “ Yes, do, I ask you to-day. Two green feathers. Do me a kindness, let it be a keepsake.”

She looked at them, and said :

“ They are green and gold, as you turn them in the sun. Thank you, if you will give me them. . . .”

“ I should be glad to,” I said.

And she took the feathers.

A little after the Doctor handed me the book and thanked me. Then he got up and asked if it was not nearly time to be getting back.

I said : “ Yes, for Heaven’s sake. I have a dog tied up at home ; look you, I have a dog, and he is my friend ; he lies there thinking of me, and when I come home he stands with his fore-paws at the window to greet me. It has been a lovely day, and now it is nearly over ; let us go back. I am grateful to you all.”

I waited on the shore to see which boat Edvarda chose, and made up my mind to go in

the other myself. Suddenly she called me. I looked at her in surprise; her face was flushed. Then she came up to me, and held out her hand and said tenderly :

“ Thank you for the feathers. You will come in the boat with me, won't you ? ”

“ If you wish it,” I said.

We got into the boat, and she sat down beside me on the same seat, her knee touching mine. I looked at her, and she glanced at me for a moment in return. It was a kindness she did me, touching me so with her knee. I began to feel myself repaid for that bitter day, and was growing happy again, when she suddenly changed her position, turned her back to me and began talking to the Doctor, who was sitting at the rudder. For a full quarter of an hour I did not exist for her. Then I did something I repent of, and have not yet forgotten. Her shoe fell off; I snatched it up and flung it far out into the water, for joy that she was near, or from some impulse to make myself remarked, and remind her of my existence—I do not know. It all happened so suddenly; I did not think, only felt that impulse. The ladies set up a cry. I was as if paralysed myself by what I had done,

but what good was that ? It was done. The Doctor came to my help ; he cried “Row,” and steered towards the shoe ; and next moment the boatman had caught hold of it just as it had filled with water and was sinking ; the man’s arm was wet up to the elbow. Then there was a shout of “Hurra,” from many in the boats, because the shoe was saved.

I was deeply ashamed, and felt that my face changed colour and winced, as I wiped the shoe with my handkerchief. Edvarda took it without a word. Not till a little while after did she say :

“ I never saw such a thing.”

“ No, did you ever ? ” I said. And I smiled and pulled myself together, making as if I had played that trick for some particular reason—something behind it. But what could there be ? The Doctor looked at me contemptuously for the first time.

A little time passed ; the boats glided homewards ; the feeling of awkwardness among the party disappeared ; we sang ; we were nearing the land. Edvarda said :

“ Oh, we haven’t finished the wine, there is ever so much left. We must have another party,

a new party later on ; we must have a dance, a ball in the big room."

When we went ashore I made an apology to Edvarda.

"If you knew how I wished myself back in my hut," I said. "This has been a long and painful day."

"Has it been a painful day for you, Lieutenant ?"

"I mean," said I, trying to pass it off, "I mean, I have caused unpleasantness both to myself and others. I threw your shoe in the water."

"Yes—an extraordinary thing to do."

"Forgive me," I said.

XVI

WHAT worse things might happen yet ?
I resolved to keep calm, whatever might come, Heaven is my witness. Was it I who had forced myself on her from the first ? No, no ; never ! I was but standing in her way one week-day as she passed. What a summer it was here in the north ! Already the cockchafers had ceased to fly, and people were grown more and more difficult to understand, for all that the sun shone on them day and night. What were their blue eyes looking for, and what were they thinking behind their mysterious brows ? Well, after all, they were all equally indifferent to me. I took out my lines and went fishing for two days, four days ; but at night I lay with open eyes in the hut. . . .

“Edvarda, I have not seen you for four days.”

“Four days, yes, so it is. Oh, but I have been so busy. Come and look.”

She led me into the big room. The tables had been moved out, the chairs set round the walls, everything shifted; the chandelier, the stove, and the walls were fantastically decorated with heather, and black stuff from the store. The piano stood in one corner.

These were her preparations for "the ball."

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"Wonderful," I said.

We went out of the room.

I said: "Listen, Edvarda—have you quite forgotten me?"

"I can't understand you," she answered in surprise. "You saw all I had been doing—how could I come and see you in the time?"

"No," I agreed; "perhaps you couldn't." I was sick and exhausted with want of sleep, my speech grew meaningless and uncontrolled; I had been miserable the whole day. "No, of course you could not come. But I was going to say . . . in a word, something has changed; there is something wrong. Yes. But I cannot read in your face what it is. There is something very strange about your brow, Edvarda. Yes, I can see it now."

"But I have not forgotten you," she cried,

blushing, and slipped her arm suddenly into mine.

“No, well, perhaps you have not forgotten me. But if so, then I do not know what I am saying. One or the other.”

“You shall have an invitation to-morrow. You must dance with me. Oh, how we will dance !”

“Will you go a little way with me ?” I asked.

“Now ? No, I can’t,” she answered. “The Doctor will be here presently, he’s going to help me with something ; there is a good deal still to be done. And you think the room will look all right as it is ? But don’t you think . . .”

A carriage stops outside.

“Is the Doctor driving to-day ?” I ask.

“Yes, I sent a horse for him. I wanted to . . .”

“Spare his bad foot, yes. Well, I must be off. *Goddag, Goddag*, Doctor. Pleased to see you again. Well and fit, I hope ? Excuse my running off. . . .”

Once down the steps outside, I turned round. Edvarda was standing at the window watching me ; she stood holding the curtains aside with

both hands to see ; and her look was thoughtful. A foolish joy thrills me, I hurry away from the house, light-footed, with a darkness shading my eyes ; my gun was light as a walking-stick in my hand. If I could win her, I should become a good man, I thought. I reached the woods, and thought again : if I might win her, I would serve her more untiringly than any other, and even if she proved unworthy, if she took the fancy to demand impossibilities, I would yet do all that I could, and be glad that she was mine. . . . I stopped, and fell on my knees, and in humility and hope licked a few blades of grass by the roadside, and then got up again.

At last I began to feel almost sure. Her altered behaviour of late, it was only her manner ; she had stood looking after me when I left ; stood at the window following with her eyes till I disappeared—what more could she do ? My delight upset me altogether ; I was hungry and no longer felt it.

Æsop ran on ahead ; a moment after he began to bark. I looked up ; a woman with a white kerchief on her head was standing by the corner of the hut. It was Eva, the blacksmith's daughter.

“*Goddag*, Eva !” I called to her.

She stood by the big grey stone, her face all red, and sucking one finger.

“Is it you, Eva ? What is the matter ?” I asked.

“Æsop has bitten me,” she answered, with some awkwardness, and cast down her eyes.

I looked at her finger. She had bitten it herself. A thought flashed into my mind, and I asked her :

“Have you been waiting here long ?”

“No, not very long,” she answered.

And without a word more from either of us I took her by the hand and led her into the hut.

XVII

I CAME from my fishing as usual, and appeared at the "ball" with gun and bag—only I had put on my best leather suit. It was late when I came to Sirilund; I heard them dancing inside. A little after someone called out: "Here's the hunter, the Lieutenant." A few of the young people crowded round me and wanted to see my catch; I had shot a brace of seabirds, and caught a few haddock. Edvarda bade me welcome with a smile; she had been dancing, and was flushed.

"The first dance with me," she said.

And we danced. Nothing awkward happened; I turned giddy, but did not fall. My heavy boots made a certain amount of noise; I could hear it myself, the noise, and resolved not to dance any more; I had even scratched their painted floor. But how glad I was that I had done nothing worse!

Hr. Mack's two assistants from the store were there, and danced thoroughly, and seriously,

The Doctor took part eagerly in the set dances. Besides these gentlemen, there were four other quite young men, sons of families belonging to the superior parish, the Dean, and the district surgeons. A stranger, a commercial traveller, was there too; he made himself remarked by his fine voice, and tralala'ed to the music; now and again he relieved the ladies at the piano.

I cannot remember now what happened the first few hours, but I remember everything from the last part of the night. The sun shone redly in through the windows all the time, and the seabirds slept. We had wine and cakes, we talked loud and sang, Edvarda's laugh sounded fresh and careless through the room. But why had she never a word for me now? I went towards where she was sitting, and would have said something polite to her, as best I could; she was wearing a black dress, her confirmation dress perhaps, and it was grown too short for her, but it suited her when she danced, and I thought to tell her so.

"That black dress . . ." I began.

But she stood up, put her arm round one of her girl friends and walked off with her. This

happened two or three times. Good, I thought to myself, if it's like that. . . . But then why should she stand looking sorrowfully after me, from the window when I go? Well, 'tis her affair!

A lady asked me to dance. Edvarda was sitting near, and I answered aloud:

"No; I am going home directly."

Edvarda threw a questioning glance at me, and said:

"Going? Oh no, you won't go."

I started, and felt that I was biting my lip. I got up.

"What you said then seemed very significant to me, Jomfru Edvarda," I said darkly, and made a few steps towards the door.

The Doctor put himself in my way, and Edvarda herself came hurrying up.

"Don't misunderstand me," she said warmly. "I meant to say I hoped you would be the last to go, the very last. And besides, it's only one o'clock. . . . Listen," she went on with sparkling eyes, "you gave our boatmen five *daler* for saving my shoe. It was too much." And she laughed heartily and turned round to the rest.

I stood with open mouth, disarmed and confused.

"You are pleased to be witty," I said. "I never gave your boatman five *daler* at all."

"Oh, didn't you?" She opened the door to the kitchen, and called the boatmen in. "Jakob, you remember the day you rowed us out to Korholmerne, and you picked up my shoe when it fell into the water?"

"Yes," answered Jakob.

"And you were given five *daler* for saving it?"

"Yes, you gave me . . ."

"Thanks, that will do, you can go."

Now what did she mean by that trick? I thought she was trying to shame me. She will not succeed; I shall not blush for that. And I said loudly and distinctly:

"I must point out to all here that this is either a mistake or a lie. I have never so much as thought of giving the boatman five *daler* for your shoe. I ought to have done so, perhaps, but up to now it has not been done."

"Whereupon we continue the dance," she said, frowning. "Why aren't we dancing?"

She owes me an explanation of this, I said to

myself, and watched now for an opportunity to speak with her. She went into a side room, and I followed her.

"*Skaal*," I said, and lifted a glass to drink with her.

"I have nothing in my glass," she answered shortly.

But her glass was standing in front of her, quite full.

"I thought that was your glass."

"No, it is not mine," she answered, and turned away, and was deep in conversation with someone else.

"I beg your pardon then," said I.

Several of the guests had noticed this little scene.

My heart was hissing within me. I said offensively :

"But at least you owe me an explanation. . . ."

She rose, took both my hands, and said earnestly :

"But not to-day ; not now. I am so miserable. Heavens, how you look at me. We were friends once"

Overwhelmed, I turned right about, and went in to the dancers again.

A little after, Edvarda came in as well, and took up her place by the piano where the traveller man was seated, playing a dance; her face at that moment was full of inward pain.

"I have never learned to play," she says, looking at me with dark eyes. "If I only could!"

I could make no answer to this. But my heart flew out towards her once more, and I asked:

"Why are you so unhappy all at once, Edvarda? If you knew how it hurts me to see."

"I don't know what it is," she said. "Everything, perhaps. I wish all these people would go away at once, all of them. No, not you—remember you must stay till the last."

And again her words revived me, and my eyes saw the light in the sun-filled room. The Dean's daughter came over, and began talking to me; I wished her ever so far away, and gave her short answers. And I purposely kept from looking at her, for she had said that about my eyes being like an animal's. She turned to Edvarda, and told her that once, somewhere abroad, in Riga, I think it was, a man had followed her along the street.

“Kept walking after me street after street, and smiling over at me,” she said.

“Why, was he blind then?” I broke in, thinking to please Edvarda. And I shrugged my shoulders as well.

The young lady understood my coarseness at once, and answered :

“He must have been blind indeed to run after any one so old and ugly as I am.”

But I gained no thanks from Edvarda for that, she drew her friend away; they whispered together and shook their heads. After that, I was left altogether to myself.

Another hour passed; the seabirds began to wake out on the reefs; their cries sounded in through the open windows. A spasm of joy went through me at this first calling of the birds, and I longed to be out on the islands there myself. . . .

The Doctor was once more in good humour, and drew the attention of all present. The ladies were never tired of his society. Is that thing ~~there~~ any rival? I thought, noting also his lame leg and miserable figure. He had ~~taken~~ to a new and amusing oath, he said *Død og Pinsel*,¹ and every time he used that comical

¹ A slight variation of the usual *Død og Pine* (death and torture).

expression I laughed aloud. In my misery I wished to give this man every advantage I could, since he was my rival. I let it be Doctor here and Doctor there, and called out myself: "Listen to the Doctor!" and laughed aloud at the things he said.

"I love this world," said the Doctor. "I cling to life tooth and nail. And when I come to die, then I hope to find a corner somewhere straight up over London and Paris, where I can hear the rumble of the human cancan all the time, all the time."

"Splendid!" I cried, and choked with laughter, though I was not in the least bit drunk.

Edvarda too seemed delighted.

When the guests began to leave, I slipped away into the little room at the side, and sat down to wait. I heard one after another saying good-bye on the stairs; the Doctor also took his leave, and went. Soon all the voices had died away. My heart beat violently as I waited.

Edvarda came in again. At sight of me she stood a moment in surprise; then she said with a smile:

"Oh, are you there? It was kind of you to wait till the last. I am tired out now."

She remained standing.

I got up then, and said : “ You will be wanting rest now. I hope you are not displeased any more, Edvarda. You were so unhappy a while back, and it hurt me.”

“ It will be all right when I have slept.”

I had no more to add ; I went towards the door.

“ Thank you,” she said, offering her hand. “ It was a pleasant evening.” She would have seen me out to the door, but I tried to prevent her.

“ No need,” I said ; “ do not trouble, I can find my way. . . .”

But she went with me all the same. She stood in the passage waiting patiently while I found my cap, my gun, and my bag. There was a walking-stick in the corner ; I saw it well enough ; I stared at it, and recognised it—it was the Doctor’s. When she marked what I was looking at, she blushed in confusion ; it was plain to see from her face that she was innocent, and knew nothing of the stick. A whole minute passed. At last she turned furiously impatient, and said tremblingly :

“ Your stick—do not forget your stick.”

And there before my eyes she handed me the Doctor's stick.

I looked at her, she was still holding out the stick; her hand trembled. To make an end of it, I took the thing, and set it back in the corner. I said:

"It is the Doctor's stick. I cannot understand how a lame man could forget his stick."

"You and your lame man!" she cried bitterly, and took a step forward towards me. "You are not lame, no; but even if you were you could not compare with him; no, you could never compare with him. There!"

I sought for some answer, but my mind was suddenly empty; I was silent. With a deep bow, I stepped backwards out of the door, and down on to the steps. There I stood a moment looking straight before me, then I moved off.

"So, he has forgotten his stick," I thought to myself. "And he will come back this way to fetch it. He would not let *me* be the last man to leave the house. . . ." I walked ~~up~~ ~~the road~~ quite slowly, keeping a lookout either way, and stopped at the edge of the wood. At last, after half an hour's waiting, the Doctor came walking towards me; he had seen me,

and was walking quickly. Before he had time to speak I lifted my cap, to try him. He raised his hat in return. I went straight up to him and said :

“ I gave no greeting.”

He came a step nearer and stared at me.

“ You gave no greeting . . . ? ”

“ No,” said I.

Pause.

“ Why, it is all the same to me what you did,” he said, turning pale. “ I was going to fetch my stick, I left it behind.”

I could say nothing in answer to this, but I took my revenge another way ; I stretched out my gun before him, as if he were a dog, and said :

“ Over ! ”.

And I whistled, coaxing him to jump over.

For a moment he struggled with himself ; his face took on the strangest play of expression as he pressed his lips together and held his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly he looked at me sharply ; a half smile lit up his features, and he said :

“ What do you really mean by all this ? ”

I did not answer, but his words affected me.

Suddenly he held out his hand to me, and said gently :

“There is something wrong with you. If you will tell me what it is, then perhaps . . .”

I was overwhelmed now with shame and despair ; his calm words made me lose my balance. I wished to show him some kindness in return, and I put my arm round him, and said :

“Forgive me this ! No, what could be wrong with me ? There is nothing wrong, I have no need of your help. You are looking for Edvarda, perhaps ? You will find her at home. But make haste, or she will have gone to bed before you come ; she was very tired, I could see it myself. I tell you the best news I can now ; it is true. You will find her at home--go then !”

And I turned and hurried away from him, striking out with a long stride up through the woods and back to the hut.

For a while I sat there on the bed just as I had come in, with my bag over my shoulder ~~and my~~ gun in my hand. Strange thoughts passed through my mind. Why ever had I given myself away so to that Doctor ? The thought that I had put my arm round him and

looked at him with wet eyes angered me; he would chuckle over it, I thought; perhaps at that very moment he might be sitting laughing over it with Edvarda. He had set his stick aside in the hall. Yes, even if I were lame, I could not compare with the Doctor. I could never compare with him—those were her words. . . .

I stepped out into the middle of the floor, cocked my gun, set the muzzle against my left instep, and pulled the trigger. The shot passed through the middle of the foot and pierced the floor. Æsop gave a short terrified bark.

A little after there came a knock at the door.

It was the Doctor.

“Sorry to disturb you,” he began. “You went off so suddenly, I thought it might do no harm if we had a little talk together. Smell of powder, isn’t there. . . .?”

He was perfectly sober.

“Did you see Edvarda? Did you get your stick?” I asked.

“I found my stick. But Edvarda had gone to bed. . . . What’s that! Heavens, man, you’re bleeding.”

“No, nothing to speak of. I was just putting

the gun away, and it went off; it's nothing. Devil take you, am I obliged to sit here and give you all sorts of information about that . . . ? You found your stick ? ”

But he did not heed my words; he was staring at my torn boot and the trickle of blood. With a quick movement he laid down his stick and took off his gloves.

“ Sit still—I must get that boot off. I thought it was a shot I heard.”

XVIII

HOW I repented of it after—that business with the gun. It was a mad thing to do. It was not worth it any way, and served no purpose, only kept me tied down to the hut for weeks. I remember even now distinctly all the discomfort and annoyance it caused; my washerwoman had to come every day, and stay there nearly all the time, make purchases of food, look after my housekeeping, for several weeks. Well, and then . . .

One day the Doctor began talking about Edvarda. I heard her name, heard what she had said, and done, and it was no longer of great importance to me now; it was as if he spoke of some distant, irrelevant thing. So quickly our minds can forget, I thought to myself, and wondered at it.

“Well, and what do you think of Edvarda yourself, since you ask? I have not thought of her for weeks, to tell the truth. Wait a bit, it

seems to me there must have been something between you and her; you were so often together. You acted host one day at a picnic on the island, and she was hostess. Don't deny it, Doctor, there was something—a sort of understanding. No, for Heaven's sake don't answer me. You owe me no explanation, I am not asking to be told anything at all—let us talk of something else if you like. How long before I can get about again ? ”

I sat there thinking of what I had said. Why was I inwardly afraid lest the Doctor should speak out ? What was Edvarda to me ? I had forgotten her.

And later the talk turned on Edvarda again, and I interrupted him once more—God knows what it was I dreaded to hear.

“What do you break off like that for ? ” he asked. “Is it that you can't bear to hear me speak her name ? ”

“Tell me,” I said, “what is your honest opinion about Jomfru Edvarda ? I should be interested to know.”

He looked at me suspiciously.

“My honest opinion ? ”

“Perhaps you may have something new to

tell me to-day. Perhaps you have proposed, and been accepted. Can I congratulate you? No? Ah, the devil trust you, haha!"

"So that was what you were afraid of?"

"Afraid of? My dear Doctor!"

Pause.

"No," he said, "I have not proposed and been accepted. But you have, perhaps. There's no proposing to Edvarda—she takes whoever she thinks she will. Did you take her for a peasant girl? You have met this creature up here in the Nordland, and seen for yourself. She is a child that's had too little whipping in her time, and a woman of many moods. Cold? No fear of that! Hot? Ice, I say. What is she, then? A slip of a girl, sixteen or seventeen—exactly. But try to make an impression on that slip of a girl, and she will laugh you to scorn for your trouble. Even her father can do nothing with her; she obeys him outwardly, but, in point of fact, 'tis she herself that rules. She says you have eyes like an animal . . ."

"You're wrong there—it was someone else said I had eyes like an animal."

"Someone else? Who?"

"I don't know. One of her girl friends.

No, it was not Edvarda said that. Wait a bit though, perhaps after all it was Edvarda. . . .”

“When you look at her, it makes her feel so and so, she says. But do you think that brings you a hairbreadth nearer? Hardly. Look at her, use your eyes as much as you please—but as soon as she marks what you are doing, she will say to herself—‘Ho, here’s this man looking at me with his eyes, and thinks to win that way.’ And with a single glance, or a word, she’ll have you ten leagues away. Do you think I don’t know her? How old do you reckon her to be?”

“She was born in ’38, she said.”

“A lie. I looked it up, out of curiosity. She’s twenty, though she might well pass for fifteen. She is not happy; there’s a deal of conflict in that little head of hers. When she stands looking out at the hills and the sea, and her mouth gives that little twitch, that little spasm of pain, then she is suffering; but she is too proud, too obstinate for tears. She is more than a bit romantic; a powerful imagination; she is waiting for a prince. What was that about a certain five-*daler* note you were supposed to have given someone?”

“A jest. It was nothing. . . .”

“It was something all the same. She did something of the same sort with me once. It’s a year ago now. We were on board the post-packet while it was lying here in the harbour. It was raining, and very cold. A woman with a child in her arms was sitting on deck, shivering. Edvarda asks her: ‘Don’t you feel cold?’ Yes, she did. ‘And the little one too?’ Yes, the little one was cold as well. ‘Why don’t you go into the cabin?’ asks Edvarda. ‘I’ve only a steerage ticket,’ says the woman. Edvarda looks at me. ‘The woman here has only a steerage ticket,’ she said. ‘Well, and what then?’ I said to myself. But I understood her look. I’m not a rich man; what I have I’ve worked to earn, and I think twice before I spend it; so I move away. If Edvarda wants someone to pay for the woman, let her do it herself; she and her father can better afford it than I. And sure enough, Edvarda paid. She’s splendid in that way—no one can say she hasn’t a heart. But as true as I’m sitting here she expected me to pay for a saloon passage for the woman and child; I could see it in her eyes. And what then, do you think? The woman gets up, and thanks her for her kindness. ‘Don’t thank me, it was

that gentleman there,' says Edvarda, pointing to me as calmly as could be. What do you think of that? The woman thanks me too, and what can I say? Simply had to leave it as it was. That's just one thing about her. But I could tell you many more. And as for the five *daler* to the boatman—she gave him the money herself. If you had done it, she would have flung her arms round you and kissed you on the spot. You should have been the lordly cavalier that paid an extravagant sum for a worn-out shoe—that would have suited her ideas; she had expected it. And as you didn't—she did it herself in your name. That's her way—reckless and calculating at the same time."

"Is there no one then that can win her?" I asked.

"Severity's what she wants," said the Doctor, evading the question. "There's something wrong about it all; she has too free a hand; she can do as she pleases; and win all the time. People take notice of her; no one ever disregards her; there is always something at hand for her to work on with effect. Have you noticed the way I treat her myself? Like a schoolgirl, a child; I order her about, criticise her way of

speaking, watch her carefully, and show her up now and again. Do you think she doesn't understand it? Oh, she's stiff and proud, it hurts her every time; but then again she is too proud to show it. But that's the way she should be handled. When you came up here I had been at her for a year like that, and it was beginning to get better; she cried with pain and vexation; she was growing more reasonable. Then you came along and upset it all. That's the way it goes—one lets go of her and another takes her up again—after you, there'll be a third, I suppose—you never know."

"Oho," thought I to myself, "the Doctor has something to revenge." And I said:

"Doctor, what made you trouble to tell me all that long story? What was it for? Am I to help you with her upbringing?"

"And then she's fiery as a volcano," he went on, never heeding my question. "You asked if no one could ever win her? I don't see why not. She is waiting for her prince, and he hasn't come yet. Again and again she thinks she's found him, and finds out she's wrong; she thought you were the one, especially because you had eyes like an animal. Haha! I say,

though, Hr. Lieutenant, you ought at least to have brought your uniform with you. It would have been useful now. Why shouldn't she be won? I have seen her wringing her hands with longing for someone to come and take her, carry her away, rule over her body and soul. Yes . . . but he must come from somewhere—turn up suddenly one day, and be something out of the ordinary. I have an idea Hr. Mack is out on an expedition; there's something behind this journey of his. He went off like that once before, and brought a man back with him."

"Brought a man back with him?"

"Oh, but he was no good," said the Doctor, with a wry laugh. "He was a man about my own age, and lame, too, like myself. He wouldn't do for the prince."

"And he went away again? Where did he go?" I asked, looking fixedly at him.

"Where? Went away? Oh, I don't know," he answered confusedly. "Well, well, we've been talking too long about this already. That foot of yours—oh, you can begin to walk in a week's time. *Paa Gjensyn.*"¹

Au revoir.

XIX

A WOMAN'S voice outside the hut ; the blood rushes to my head—it is Edvarda. “Glahn, Glahn is ill, so I have heard.”

And my washerwoman answers outside the door :

“He’s nearly well again now.”

That “Glahn, Glahn,” went through me to the marrow of my bones ; she said my name twice. and it touched me ; her voice was clear and ringing.

She opened my door without knocking, stepped hastily in and looked at me. And suddenly all seemed as in the old days ; there she was in her dyed jacket, and her apron tied low in front to give a longer waist. I saw it all at once, and her look, her brown face with the eyebrows high arched into the forehead, the strangely tender expression of her hands, all came on me so strongly, my brain was in a whirl. I have kissed *her* ! I thought to myself.

I got up and remained standing.

“And you get up, you stand, when I come?” she said. “Oh, but sit down, your foot is bad, you shot yourself. Heavens, how did it happen? I did not know of it till now. And I was thinking all the time: What can have happened to Glahn? He never comes now. I knew nothing of it all. And you had shot yourself, and that is weeks ago, they tell me, and I knew never a word. How are you now? You are very pale, I should hardly know you again. And your foot—will you be lame now? The Doctor says you will not be lame. Oh, I am so fond of you because you are not going to be lame; I thank God for that. I hope you forgive me for coming up like this without saying; I ran nearly all the way. . . .”

She bent over me, she was close to me, I felt her breath in my face; I reached out my hands to hold her. Then she moved away a little. Her eyes were still dewy.

“It happened this way,” I stammered out. “I was putting the gun away in the corner, but I held it awkwardly—up and down, like that; then suddenly I heard the shot. It was an accident.”

“An accident,” she said thoughtfully, nodding

her head. "Let me see—it is the left foot—but why the left more than the right? Yes, of course, an accident . . ."

"Yes, an accident," I broke in. "How should I know why it just happened to be the left foot? You can see for yourself—that's how I was holding the gun—it couldn't be the right foot that way. It was a nuisance of course."

She looked at me curiously.

"Well, and so you are getting on nicely," she said, looking round the hut. "Why didn't you send the woman down to us for food? What have you been living on?"

We went on talking for a few minutes. I asked her :

"When you came in, your face was moved, and your eyes sparkled; you gave me your hand. But now your eyes are cold again. Am I wrong?"

Pause.

"One cannot always be the same. . . ."

"Tell me this one thing," I said. "What is it this time I have said or done to displease you? Then, perhaps, I might manage better in future."

She looked out of the window, towards the

far horizon ; stood looking out thoughtfully and answered me as I sat behind her :

“Nothing, Glahn. Just thoughts that come at times. Are you angry now ? Remember, some give a little, but it is much for them to give ; others can give much, and it costs them nothing—and which has given more ? You have grown melancholy in your illness. How did we come to talk of all this ? ” And suddenly she looks at me, her face flushed with joy. “But you must get well soon, now. We shall meet again.”

And she held out her hand.

Then it came into my head not to take her hand. I stood up, put my hands behind my back, and bowed deeply ; that was to thank her for her kindness in coming to pay me a visit.

“You must excuse me if I cannot see you home,” I said.

When she had gone, I sat down again to think it all over. I wrote a letter, and asked to have my uniform sent.

XX

THE first day in the woods.

I am happy and weary; all the creatures came up close and looked at me; there were insects on the trees and oil-beetles crawling on the road. Well met! I said to myself. The feeling of the woods went through and through my senses; I cried for love of it all, and was utterly happy; I was dissolved in thanksgiving. Dear woods, my home, God's peace with you, from my heart . . . I stop, and turn all ways, and name the things with tears; birds and trees and stones and grass and ants, I call them all by name, look round and call them all in their order. I look up to the hills and think: Now, now I am coming, as if in answer to their calling. Far above, the dwarf falcon was hacking away—I knew of its nests. But the sound of those falcons up in the hills sent my thoughts far away.

About noon I rowed out, and landed on a little island, an islet outside the harbour. There

were mauve-coloured flowers with long stalks reaching to my knees; I waded in strange growths, raspberry and coarse grass; there were no animals, and perhaps there had been no human beings there. The sea foamed gently against the rocks, and wrapped me in a veil of murmuring; far up on the egg-cliffs, all the birds of the coast were flying and screaming. But the sea wrapped me round on all sides as in an embrace. Blessed be life and earth and sky, blessed be my enemies; in this hour I will be gracious to my bitterest unfriend, and bind the latchet of his shoe. . . .

“Hiv . . . ohoi . . .” sounds from one of Hr. Mack’s craft, and my heart is filled with sunshine at the well-known song. I row to the quay, walk up past the fishers’ huts and home. The day is at an end, I have my meal, sharing with Æsop, and set out into the woods once more. Soft winds breathe silently in my face. And I bless the winds for that they touch my face, and tell them so; my blood bows in my veins for thankfulness. Æsop lays one paw on my knee.

Weariness comes over me, and I fall asleep.

Lul! lul! Bells ringing! Some leagues out

at sea rises a mountain. I say two prayers, one for my dog and one for myself, and we enter into the mountain there. The gate closes behind us ; I start at the sound, and wake.

Flaming red sky, the sun there stamping before my eyes ; the night, the horizon, echoing with night. Æsop and I move into the shade. All quiet around us. No, we will not sleep now, I say to the dog, we will go out hunting to-morrow ; the red sun is shining on us, we will not go into the mountain. . . . And strange thoughts wake to life in me, and the blood rises to my head.

Excited, yet still weak, I feel one kissing me, and the kiss lies on my lips. I look round, there is nothing visible. "Iselin !" A sound in the grass—it might be a leaf falling to the ground, or it might be footsteps. A shiver through the woods—and I tell myself it might be Iselin's breathing. Here in these woods she has moved, Iselin ; here she has listened to the prayers of yellow-booted, green-cloaked huntsmen. She lived out on my farm, two miles away ; four generations ago she sat at her window, and heard the echo of horns in the forest. There were reindeer and wolf and bear, and the hunters

were many, and all of them had seen her grow up from a child, and each and all of them waiting for her. One had seen her eyes, another heard her voice ; but one night a sleepless swain rose up while all were sleeping, and bored a hole through to her chamber and saw the white velvet of her waist in front. When she ~~was~~ twelve years old came Dundas. He was a Scotsman, and traded in fish, and had many ships. He had a son. When she was sixteen, she saw young Dundas for the first time. He was her first love. . . .

And such strange fancies flow through me, and my head grows very heavy as I sit there ; I close my eyes and feel for Iselin's kiss. Iselin, are you here, lover of life ! And have you Diderik there hidden behind a tree ? . . . But my head grows heavier still, and I float off on the waves of sleep.

Lul ! lul ! A voice speaking, as if the Seven Stars themselves were singing through my blood ; Iselin's voice :

“ Sleep, sleep ! I will tell you of my love while you sleep, and of my own first night. I remember it ; I had forgotten to bar my door ; I was sixteen, and it was springtime, with warm

winds; Dundas came. It was like the rushing of an eagle's flight. I met him one morning before the hunt set out; he was twenty-five, and came from far lands; he walked by my side in the garden, and when he touched me with his arm I began to love him. Two feverish red spots showed in his forehead, and I could have kissed those two red spots.

"In the evening after the hunt I went to seek him in the garden, and I was afraid lest I should find him. I spoke his name softly to myself, and feared lest he should hear. Then he came out from the bushes and whispered: 'An hour after midnight!' And then he was gone.

" 'An hour after midnight,' I said to myself, what did he mean by that? I cannot understand. He must have meant he was going away to far lands again; an hour after midnight he was going away—but what was it to me? "

"And then it came that I forgot to bar my door. . . .

"An hour after midnight he comes in."

" 'Was the door not barred? ' I ask.

" 'I will do it now,' he answers.

"And he bars the door and shuts us in.

"I feared so for the noise of his heavy boots.

‘Do not wake my maid,’ I said. And I feared for the creaking of the chair, and I said: ‘No, no, do not sit on that chair, it creaks.’

“‘May I sit there by you?’ he said.

“‘Yes,’ I told him, ‘Yes.’

“But only because of the chair that creaked so.

“We sat there on the sofa, I moved away, and he moved after. I looked down.

“‘You are cold,’ he said, and took my hand. A little after he said: ‘How cold you are!’ and put his arm round me.

“And I grew warm in his arm. So we sat a little while. Then a cock crew.

“‘Did you hear,’ he said, ‘a cock crow? It is nearly dawn.’

“And he touched me, and I was lost.

“‘Are you quite sure it was the cock crow?’ I stammered.

“Again I saw the two fever-red spots on his forehead, and I tried to rise. But then he held me back; I kissed the two lovely spots and closed my eyes to him. . . .

“Then the day came—already it was morning. I woke, and did not know the walls of my chamber again; I stood up and did not know my own

little shoes again ; something was thrilling all through me. What can it be ? I thought to myself, and laughed. And what hour was it struck just now ? I could not say, but I remembered I had forgotten to bar my door.

“ My maid comes in.

“ ‘ Your flowers have not been watered,’ she says.

“ I had forgotten my flowers.

“ ‘ You have crumpled your dress,’ she goes on.

“ Where can I have got my dress crumpled ? I asked myself, laughing in my heart. It must have been last night I suppose.

“ A carriage drives up to the gate.

“ ‘ And your cat has had no milk,’ said the maid.

“ But I have no thought for my flowers, or my dress or my cat ; I ask :

“ ‘ Is that Dundas outside there ? Ask him to come in here to me at once, I am expecting him, there was some-thing . . .’ And I think to myself : Will he lock the door again I wonder, when he comes ?

“ He knocks. I open the door and bar it again myself, to do him a little service.

“ ‘Iselin,’ he cries, and kisses my lips a whole minute long.

“ ‘I did not send for you,’ I whisper to him.

“ ‘Did you not ? ’ he asks.

“ ‘Then again I am all lost, and answer :

“ ‘Yes I did, I sent for you. I was longing so unspeakably for you again. Stay here with me a little.’

“ And I covered my eyes for love of him. He did not loose me ; I sank forward and hid myself close to him.

“ ‘Surely that was something crowing again,’ he said, listening.

“ But when I heard what he said, I cut off his words as swiftly as I could, and answered :

“ ‘No, how can you imagine it ? There was nothing crowing then.’

“ He kissed my breast.

“ ‘Wait a little, I will lock the door,’ he said, and made to rise.

“ But I held him back and whispered :

“ ‘It is locked. . . .’

“ Then it was evening again, and Dundas was gone. Something golden thrilling through me. I stood before the glass, and two eyes all alight.

with love looked out at me, I felt something moving in me at my own glance, and always that something thrilling and thrilling round my heart. Dear God! I had never seen myself with those eyes before, and I kissed my own lips, all love and desire, in the glass. . . .

“And now I have told you of my first night, and the morning and the evening after. Another time I will tell you of Svend Herlufsen. I loved him too; he lived a league away, on the island you can see out there, and I rowed out to him myself on calm summer evenings, because I loved him. And I will tell you of Stamer. He was a priest, and I loved him. I love all . . .”

Through my half-sleep I hear a cock crowing down at Sirilund.

“Iselin, hear! A cock is crowing for us too!” I cry joyfully, and reach out my arms. I wake. Æsop is already moving. “Gone!” I say in burning sorrow, and look around. There is no one, no one here. It is morning now, the cock is still crowing down at Sirilund.

By the hut stands a woman—Eva stands there. She has a rope in her hand, she is going to fetch wood. There is morning of life in the young

girl's figure, as she stands there, her breast rising and falling, all golden in the sun.

"You must not think . . ." she stammers out.

"What is it I must not think, Eva ?"

"I—I did not come this way to meet you ; I was just passing . . ."

And her face darkens in a blush.

X X I

MY foot continued to trouble me a good deal, it often itched at nights, and kept me awake ; a sudden spasm would shoot through it, and in changeable weather it was full of gout. It was like that for many days. But it did not make me lame after all.

The days went on.

Hr. Mack had returned, and I knew it soon enough. He took my boat away from me, and left me in difficulties, for it was still the close season, and there was nothing I could shoot. But why did he take the boat away from me like that ? Two of Hr. Mack's folk from the quay had rowed out with a stranger in the morning.

I met the Doctor.

"They have taken my boat away," I said.

"There's a new man come," he said. "They've to row him out every day and back in the evening. He's investigating the sea-floor."

The newcomer was a Finn. Hr. Mack had met him accidentally on board the steamer ;

he had come from Spitzbergen with some collections of scales and small sea-creatures; they called him Baron. He had been given a big room and another smaller one in Hr. Mack's house. He caused quite a stir in the place.

I am in difficulties about meat, and might ask Edvarda for something for this evening, I thought. I walk down to Sirilund. I notice at once that Edvarda is wearing a new dress; she seems to have grown; her dress is much longer now.

"Excuse my not getting up," she said quite shortly, and offered her hand.

"My daughter is not very well, I'm sorry to say," said Hr. Mack. "A chill—she has not been taking care of herself. . . . You came to ask about your boat, I suppose? I shall have to lend you another one instead. It's not a new one, but as long as you bale it out every now and then. . . . We've a scientist come to stay with us, you see, and with a man like that, of course, you understand. . . . He has no time to spare; works all day and comes home in the evening. Don't go now till he comes, you will be interested to meet him. Here's his card,

with coronet and all, he's a Baron. A very nice man. I met him quite by accident."

Aha, thought I, so they don't ask you to supper. Well, thank Heaven, I only came down by way of a trial, I can go home again, I've still some fish left in the hut. Enough for a meal, I daresay. *Basta!*

The Baron came in. A little man, about forty, with a long, narrow face, prominent cheek bones, and a thinnish black beard. His glance was sharp and penetrating, but he wore strong glasses. His shirt studs, too, were ornamented with a little five-pointed coronet, like the one on his card. He stooped a little, and his thin hands were blue-veined, but the nails were like yellow metal.

"Delighted, Hr. Lieutenant. Have you been here long, may I ask?"

"A few months."

A pleasant man. Hr. Mack asked him to tell us about his scales and sea-things, and he did so willingly; told us what kind of clay there was round Korholmerne, went into his room and fetched a sample of weed from the White Sea. He was constantly lifting up his right forefinger and shifting his thick gold spectacles back and

forward on his nose. Hr. Mack was highly interested. An hour passed.

The Baron spoke of my accident—that unfortunate shot. Was I well again now? Pleased to hear it.

Now who had told him of that? I asked:

“And how did you hear of that, Baron?”

“Oh, who was it now? Fröken Mack, I think. Was it not you, Fröken Mack?”

Edvarda flushed hotly.

I had come so poor; for days past, a dark misery had weighed me down, but at the stranger's last words a joy fluttered through me on the instant. I did not look at Edvarda, but in my mind I thanked her: Thanks, for that you have spoken of me, named my name with your tongue, though it is all valueless to you. *Godnat.*

I took my leave. Edvarda still kept her seat, excusing herself, for politeness' sake, saying she was unwell. She gave me her hand indifferently.

And Hr. Mack stood chatting eagerly with the Baron. He was talking of his grandfather, Consul Mack:

“I don't know if I told you before, Baron; this diamond here was a gift from King Carl

Johan, who set it in my grandfather's breast with his own hands."

I went out to the front steps; no one saw me to the door. I glanced in passing through the windows of the sitting-room, and there stood Edvarda, tall, upright, holding the curtains apart with both hands, looking out. I did not bow to her, I forgot everything; a swirl of confusion overwhelmed me, and drew me hurriedly away.

"Halt, stop! A moment!" I said to myself, when I reached the woods. God in Heaven, but there must be an end of this. I felt all hot within on a sudden, and groaned. Alas, I had no longer any pride in my heart; I had enjoyed Edvarda's favour for a week, at the outside, but that was over long since, and I had not ordered my ways accordingly. From now on, my heart should cry to her: Dust, air, earth on my way; God in Heaven, yes. . . .

I reached the hut, found my fish, and had a meal.

Here are you burning out your life for the sake of a worthless schoolgirl, and your nights are full of desolate dreams. And a hot wind stands still about your head, a close, foul wind of last year's breath. While the sky is quivering

with the most wonderful blue, and the hills are calling. Come, *Æsop, Hei. . . .*

A week passed. I hired the blacksmith's boat and fished for my meals. Edvarda and the Baron were always together in the evening when he came home from his sea trips. I saw them once at the mill. One evening they both came by my hut; I drew away from the window and barred the door in case. It made no impression on me whatever to see them together; I shrugged my shoulders. One evening I met them on the road, and exchanged greetings; I left it to the Baron to notice me first, and merely put up two fingers to my cap, to be discourteous. I walked slowly past them, and looked carelessly at them as I did so.

Another day passed.

How many long days had not passed already? I was downcast, dispirited, my heart pondered idly over things; even the kindly grey stone by the hut seemed to wear an expression of sorrow and despair when I went by. There was rain in the air; the heat seemed gasping before me wherever I went, and I felt the gout in my left foot; I had seen one of Hr. Mack's

horses shivering in its harness in the morning ; all these things were significant to me as signs of the weather. Best to furnish the house well with food while the weather holds, I thought.

I tied up Æsop, took my fishing gear and my gun, and went down to the quay. I was quite unusually troubled in mind.

“When will the post-packet be in ?” I asked a fisherman there.

“The post-packet ? In three weeks’ time,” he answered.

“I am expecting my uniform,” I said.

Then I met one of Hr. Mack’s assistants from the store. I shook hands with him, and said :

“Tell me, for Christ’s sake, do you never play whist now at Sirilund ?”

“Yes, often,” he answered.

Pause.

“I have not been there lately,” I said.

I rowed out to my fishing grounds. The weather was mild but oppressive. The gnats gathered in swarms, and I was forced to keep smoking all the time to keep them off. The haddock were biting, I fished with two hooks, and made a good haul. On the way back I shot a brace of guillemots.

When I came in to the quay the blacksmith was there at work. A thought occurred to me ; I asked him :

“ Going up my way ? ”

“ No,” said he, “ Hr. Mack’s given me a bit of work to do here that’ll keep me till midnight.”

I nodded, and thought to myself it was well.

I took my fish and went off, going round by way of the blacksmith’s house. Eva was there alone.

“ I have been longing for you with all my heart,” I told her. And I was moved at the sight of her, she could hardly look me in the face for wonder. “ I love your youth and your good eyes,” I said. “ Punish me to-day because I have thought more of another than of you. I tell you, I have come here only to see you ; you make me happy, I am fond of you. Did you hear me calling for you last night ? ”

“ No,” she answered, frightened.

“ I called Edvarda, Jomfru Edvarda, but it was you I meant. I woke up and heard myself. Yes, it was you I meant ; it was only a mistake ; I said Edvarda, but it was only by accident. By Heaven, you are my dearest, Eva ! Your

lips are so red to-day. Your feet are prettier than Edvarda's—just look yourself and see." And I lifted up her dress and showed her her own legs.

Joy such as I had never seen in her lit up her face ; she made as if to turn away, but hesitated, and put one arm round my neck.

A little time passes. We talk together, sitting all the time on a long bench, and talking to each other of many things. I said :

"Would you believe it, Jomfru Edvarda has not learnt to speak properly yet ; she talks like a child, and says 'more happier.' I heard her myself. Would you say she had a lovely forehead ? I do not think so. She has a devilish forehead. And she does not wash her hands."

"But we weren't going to talk of her any more ?"

"Quite right. I forgot."

A little while more. I am thinking of something, and fall silent.

"Why are your eyes wet ?" asks Eva.

"She has a lovely forehead though," I say, "and her hands are always clean. It was only an accident that they were dirty once. I did not mean to say what I did." But then I

went on angrily, with clenched teeth : “ I sit thinking of you all the time, Eva ; but it occurs to me that perhaps you have not heard what I am going to tell you now. The first time Edvarda saw Æsop, she said : ‘ Æsop—that was the name of a wise man, a Phrygian he was.’ Now wasn’t that simply silly ? She had read it in a book the same day, I’m sure of it.”

“ Yes,” says Eva ; “ but what then ? ”

“ And as far as I remember, she said, too, that Æsop had Xanthus for his teacher. Hahaha ! ”

“ Yes ? ”

“ Well, what the devil is the sense of telling a crowd of people that Æsop had Xanthus for his teacher ? I ask you. Oh, you are not in the mood to-day, Eva, or you would laugh till your sides ached at that.”

“ Yes, I think it is funny,” said Eva, and began laughing forcedly and in wonder. “ But I don’t understand it as well as you do.”

I sit silent and thoughtful, silent and thoughtful.

“ Do you like best to sit still and not talk ? ” asks Eva softly. “ Goodness shone in her eyes ; she passed her hand over my hair.

“ You good, good soul,” I broke out, and

pressed her close to me. "I know for certain I am perishing for love of you ; I love you more and more ; the end of it will be you must stay with me when I go away. You shall see. Could you go with me ? "

" Yes," she answers.

I hardly hear that yes, but I feel it in her breath, I feel it about her ; we hold each other fiercely, and she surrenders ; gives herself up to me madly.

An hour later I kiss Eva good-bye, and go. At the door I meet Hr. Mack.

Hr. Mack himself.

He starts, and stares into the house, stops there on the doorstep, staring in. " Ho ! " says he, and can say no more ; he seems thrown off his balance altogether.

" You did not expect to find me here," I say, raising my cap.

Eva does not move.

Hr. Mack regains composure ; a curious confidence in his manner now, and he answers :

" You are mistaken, I came on purpose to find you. I wish to point out to you that from the 1st of April it is forbidden to fire a shot

within half a mile of the bird-cliffs. You shot two birds out at the island to-day; you were seen to do so."

"I shot two guillemots," I said helplessly. I saw at once the man was in the right.

"Two guillemots or two eiderduck, it is all the same. You were within the prohibited limit."

"I admit it," I said. "It had not occurred to me before."

"But it ought to have occurred to you."

"I have also fired off both barrels once in May, at very nearly the same spot. It was on a picnic one day. And it was done at your own request."

"That is another matter," answered Hr. Mack shortly.

"Well, then, devil take it, you know what you have to do, I suppose?"

"Perfectly well," he answered.

Eva held herself in readiness; when I went out, she followed me; she had put on a kerchief, and walked away from the house; I saw her going down towards the quay. Hr. Mack walked back home.

I thought it over. What a mind, to hit on

that all at once, and save himself ! And those piercing eyes of his. A shot, two shots, a brace of guillemots, a fine, a payment. And then all things, all things would be settled with Hr. Mack and his house. It was going after all so beautifully quickly and neatly. . . .

The rain was coming down already, in great soft drops. The magpies flew low along the ground, and when I came home and turned Æsop loose he began eating the grass. The wind was beginning to rustle.

XXII

A LEAGUE below me is the sea. It is raining, and I am up in the hills; an overhanging rock shelters me from the rain. I smoke my pipe, smoke one pipe after another, and every time I light it, the tobacco curls up like little worms crawling from the ash. So also with the thoughts that twirl in my head. Before me, on the ground, lies a bundle of dry twigs, from the ruin of a bird's nest. And as with that nest, so also with my soul.

I remember every trifle of that day and the next. Hoho! I was hard put to it then! . . .

I sit here up in the hills and the sea and the air are voiceful, a seething and moaning cruel to hear, of the wind and weather. Fishing boats and small craft show far out with reefed sails, human beings on board; making for somewhere, no doubt, and Heaven knows where all those lives are 'making for, think I. The sea flings itself up in foam, and rolls and rolls, as if inhabited by great fierce figures that fling

their limbs about and roar at one another; nay, a festival of ten thousand piping devils that duck their heads down between their shoulders and circle about, lashing the sea white with the tips of their wings. Far, far out lies a hidden reef, and from that hidden reef rises a white merman, shaking his head after a leaky sailer making out to sea before the wind, hoho! out to sea, out to the desolate sea. . . .

I am glad to be alone, that none can see my eyes. I lean securely against the wall of rock, knowing that no one can stand and observe me from behind. A bird swoops over the crest with a broken cry; at the same moment a boulder close by breaks loose and rolls down towards the sea. And I sit there still for a while, I sink into restfulness; a warm sense of comfort quivers in me for that I can sit so pleasantly in shelter while the rain pours down outside. I button up my jacket, thanking God for the warmth of it. A little while more. And I fell asleep.

It is afternoon. I go home, it is still raining. Then something unexpected comes in my way. Edvarda stands there before me on the path. She is wet through, as if she had been out long

in the rain, but she smiles. Ho! think I to myself, and my anger rises; I grip my gun fiercely, and walk towards her so, although she herself is smiling.

“*Goddag!*” she calls, speaking first.

I wait till I have come some paces nearer, and say :

“*Skjönjomfru*,¹ I give you greeting.”

She starts in surprise at my jesting tone. Alas, I knew not what I said. She smiles timidly, and looks at me.

“Have you been up in the hills to-day?” she asks. “Then you must be wet. I have a kerchief here, if you like to take it, I can spare it. . . . Oh, you don’t know me.” And she casts down her eyes and shakes her head as I do not take her kerchief.

“A kerchief?” I answer, grinning in anger and surprise. “But I have a jacket here, won’t you borrow it? I can spare it, I would have lent it to anyone, you need not be afraid to take it. I would have lent it to a fisherwife, and gladly.”

I could see that she was eager to hear what I would say, she listened with such attention

¹ A poetic form, here used ironically: “fair maiden.”

that it made her look ugly ; she forgot to hold her lips together. There she stands with the kerchief in her hand ; a white silk kerchief it is, she has taken it from her neck. I tear off my jacket in turn.

“ For Heaven’s sake put it on again,” she cries. “ Don’t do that ! Are you so angry with me ? *Herregud !* put your jacket on, do, before you get wet through.”

I put on my jacket again.

“ Where are you going ? ” I asked sullenly.

“ No, nowhere . . . I can’t understand what made you take off your jacket like that . . . ”

“ What have you done with the Baron to-day ? I went on. “ The Count can’t be out at sea on a day like this.”

“ Glahn, I just wanted to tell you something . . . ”

I interrupted her :

“ May I beg you to bring the Duke my respects ? ”

We look at each other. I am ready to break in with further interruptions as soon as she opens her mouth. At last a twinge of pain passes over her face ; I turn away, and say :

“ Seriously, you should send His Highness

packing, Jomfru Edvarda. He is not the man for you. I assure you, he has been wondering these last few days whether to make you his wife or not—and that is not good enough for you.”

“No, don’t let us talk about that, please. Glahn, I have been thinking of you ; you could take off your jacket and get wet through for another’s sake ; I come to you . . .”

I shrug my shoulders and go on :

“I should advise you to take the Doctor instead. What have you against him ? A man in the prime of life, and a clever head . . . you should think it over.

“Oh, but do listen a minute . . .”

Æsop, my dog, is waiting for me in the hut. I took off my cap, bowed to her again, and said :

“*Skjönjomfru*, I give you greeting.”

And I started off.

She gave a cry :

“Oh, you are tearing my heart out. I came to you to-day ; I waited for you here, and I smiled when you came. I was nearly out of my mind yesterday, for something I had been thinking of all the time ; my head was in a whirl, and

I thought of you all the time. To-day I was sitting at home, and someone came in; I did not look up, but I knew who it was. 'I rowed half a mile to-day,' he said. 'Weren't you tired?' I asked. 'Oh yes, very tired, and it blistered my hands,' he said, and was very concerned about it. And I thought: Fancy being concerned about that! A little after he said: 'I heard someone whispering outside my window last night; it was your maid and one of the store men talking very intimately indeed.' 'Yes, they are to be married,' I said. 'But this was at two o'clock in the morning!' 'Well, what then?' said I, and a little after: 'The night is their own.' Then he shifted his gold spectacles a little up his nose, and observed: 'But don't you think, at that hour of night, it doesn't look well?' Still I didn't look up, and we sat like that for ten minutes. 'Shall I bring you a shawl to put over your shoulders?' he asked. 'No, thank you,' I answered. 'If only I dared take your little hand,' he said. I did not answer, I was thinking of something else. He laid a little box in my lap, I opened the box, and found a brooch in it. There was a coronet on the brooch, and I counted ten stones in it. . . .

Glahn, I have that brooch with me now ; will you look at it ? It is trampled to bits—come, come and look how it is trampled to bits. . . . ‘ Well, and what am I to do with this brooch ? ’ I asked. ‘ Wear it,’ he answered. But I gave him back the brooch, and said, ‘ Let me be, I think more of another.’ ‘ What other ? ’ he asked. ‘ A hunter in the woods,’ I said. ‘ He gave me two lovely feathers once, for a keepsake, but take back your brooch.’ But he would not take back the brooch. Then I looked at him for the first time ; his eyes were piercing. ‘ I will not take back the brooch, you may do with it as you please ; tread on it,’ he said. I stood up and set the brooch under my heel and trod on it. That was this morning. . . . For four hours I waited and waited ; after dinner I went out. He came to meet me on the road. ‘ Where are you going ? ’ he asked. ‘ To Glahn,’ I answered, ‘ to ask him not to forget me. . . .’ Since one o’clock I have been waiting here ; I stood by a tree and saw you coming, you looked like a god. I loved your figure, your beard, and your shoulders, loved everything about you . . . now you are impatient, you want to go, only to go ; I am nothing to you, you will not look at me . . .”

I had stopped. When she had finished speaking I began walking on again. I was worn out with despair, and smiled; my heart was hard.

“Yes?” I said, and stopped again. “You had something to say to me?”

But at this scorn of mine she wearied of me.

“Something to say to you? But I have told you—did you not hear? No, nothing, I have nothing to tell you any more. . . .”

Her voice trembles strangely, but it does not move me.

Next morning Edvarda is standing outside the hut as I go out.

I had thought it all over during the night, and taken my resolve. Why should I let myself be dazzled any longer by this creature of moods, a fisher-girl, a thing of no culture; had not her name sat long enough in my heart, sucking it dry? Enough of that! Though it struck me that, perhaps, I had come nearer to her by treating her with indifference and scorn. Oh, how grandly I had scorned her; after she had made a long speech of several minutes, to say calmly: “Yes? You had something to say to me? . . .”

She was standing by the big stone. She was

in great excitement, and would have run towards me ; she opened her arms already, but stopped, and stood there wringing her hands. I took off my cap and bowed to her without a word.

“ Just one thing I wanted to say to you to-day, Glahn,” she said entreatingly. And I did not move, but waited, just to hear what she would say next. “ I hear you have been down at the blacksmith’s. One evening it was. Eva was alone in the house.”

I started at that, and answered :

“ Who told you that ? ”

“ I don’t go about spying,” she cried. “ I heard it last evening ; my father told me. When I got home all wet through last night, my father said : ‘ You were rude to the Baron to-day.’ ‘ No,’ I answered. ‘ Where have you been now ? ’ he asked again. I answered : ‘ With Glahn.’

“ And then my father told me.”

I struggle with my despair, and say :

“ What is more, Eva has been here.”

“ Has she been here ? In the hut ? ”

“ More than once. I made her go in. We talked together.”

“ Here too ? ”

Pause. “ Be firm ! ” I say to myself, and then aloud :

“ Since you are so kind as to mix yourself up in my affairs, I will not be behindhand. I suggested yesterday that you should take the Doctor ; have you thought it over ? For really, you know, the prince is simply impossible.”

Her eyes lit with anger.

“ He is not, I tell you,” she cried passionately. “ No, he is better than you ; he can move about in a house without breaking cups and glasses ; he leaves my shoes alone. Yes ! He knows how to move in society ; but you are ridiculous, I am ashamed of you, you are unendurable, do you understand that ? ”

Her words struck deep ; I bowed my head and said :

“ You are right ; I am not good at moving in society. Be merciful ; you do not understand me ; I live in the woods for choice, that is my happiness. Here, where I am all alone, it can hurt no one that I am as I am, but when I go among others, I have to use all my endeavours to be as I should. For two years now I have been so little among people at all. . . .”

“There’s no saying what mad thing you will do next,” she went on. “And it is intolerable to be constantly looking after you.”

How mercilessly she said it! A very bitter pain passed through me. I almost fell back before her violence. Edvarda had not yet done; she went on:

“You might get Eva to look after you, perhaps. It’s a pity, though, that she’s married.”

“Eva! Eva married, did you say?”

“Yes, married!”

“Who is her husband then?”

“Surely you know that. She is the blacksmith’s wife.”

“I thought she was his daughter.”

“No, she is his wife. Do you think I am lying to you?”

I had not thought of it at all; I was only so astonished. I stood there only thinking: Is Eva married?

“So you have made a happy choice,” says Edvarda.

Well, there seemed no end to the business. I was trembling with indignation, and I said:

“But you had better take the Doctor, as I said. Take a friend’s advice; that prince of

yours is an old fool." And in my excitement I lied about him, exaggerated his age, declared he was bald, that he was almost totally blind ; I asserted, moreover, that he wore that coronet thing in his shirt front wholly and solely to show off his nobility. " As for me, I have not cared to make his acquaintance," I said. " There is nothing in him of mark at all ; he lacks the first principles ; he is nothing."

" But he is something, he is something," she cried, and her voice broke with anger. " He is far more than you think, you thing of the woods. But you wait. Oh, he shall talk to you, I will ask him myself. You don't believe I love him, but you shall see you are mistaken. I will marry him ; I will think of him night and day. Mark what I say : I love him. Let Eva come if she likes, hahaha ! Heavens, let her come, it is less than nothing to me.— And now let me get away from here. . . ."

She began walking down the path from the hut ; she took a few small hurried steps, turned round, her face still pale as death, and moaned " And let me never see your face again."

XXIII

LEAVES yellowing, the potato-plants had grown to a height and stood in flower, the shooting season came round again; I shot hare and ptarmigan and grouse; one day I shot an eagle. Calm, open sky, cool nights, many clear, clear tones and dear sounds in the woods, and fields. The earth was resting, great and peaceful. . . .

"I have not heard anything from Hr. Mack about the two guillemots I shot," I said to the Doctor.

"You can thank Edvarda for that," he said. "I know. I heard that she set herself against it."

"I do not thank her for it," said I. . . .

Indian summer—Indian summer. The stars lay like belts in through the yellowing woods, a new star came every day. The moon showed like a shadow; a shadow of gold dipped in silver. . . .

"Heaven help you, Eva, are you married?"

“ Didn’t you know that ? ”

“ No, I did not know.”

She pressed my hand silently.

“ God help you, child, what are we to do now ? ”

“ What *you* will. Perhaps you are not going away just yet ; I will be happy as long as you are here.”

“ No, Eva.”

“ Yes, yes—only as long as you are here.”

She looks forsaken, and presses my hand all the time.

“ No, Eva. Go—never any more ! ”

And nights pass and days come. Already three days since this last talk. Eva comes by with a load. How much wood has that child carried home from the forest this summer alone !

“ Set the load down, Eva, and let me see if your eyes are as blue as ever.”

Her eyes were red.

“ No, smile again, Eva ! I cannot resist any more ; I am yours, I am yours. . . .”

Evening. Eva sings, I hear her singing, and a warmth goes through me.

"You are singing this evening, child ?"

"Yes, I am happy."

And being smaller than I, she jumps up a little to put her arms round my neck.

"But, Eva, you have torn your hands. *Herregud!* that you had not torn them so."

"It doesn't matter."

Her face beams wonderfully.

"Eva, have you spoken to Hr. Mack ?"

"Yes, once."

"What did he say, and what did you ?"

"He is so hard with us now, he makes my husband work day and night down at the quay, and puts me to all sorts of work as well. He has ordered me to do man's work now."

"Why does he do that ?"

Eva looks down.

"Why does he do that, Eva ?"

"Because I love you."

"But how could he know ?"

"I told him."

Pause.

"Heaven send he were not so harsh with you, Eva."

"But it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all now."

And her voice was all like a little tremulous song in the woods.

And the woods more yellow still; drawing towards autumn now; there have come some few more stars in the sky, and from now on the moon looks like a shadow of silver dipped in gold. There was no cold, nothing, only a cool stillness and a flow of life in the woods. Every tree stood and thought. The berries were ripe.

Then came the twenty-second of August and the three iron nights.¹

¹ "Jærnnætter." Used of the nights in August when the first frosts appear.

XXIV

THE first iron night.

At nine the sun sets. A dull darkness settles over the earth, a star or so can be seen; two hours later there is a glow of the moon. I wander up in the woods with my gun and my dog, light a fire, and the light of the flames shines in between the fir-trunks. There is no frost.

“The first iron night!” I say. And a confused, passionate delight at the time and place sends a strange shiver through me. . . .

“*Skaal*¹ men and beasts and birds, for the lonely night in the woods, in the woods! *Skaal* for the darkness and God’s murmuring between the trees, for the sweet, simple melody of silence in my ears, for green leaf and yellow leaf! *Skaal* for the life-sound I hear; the sniff of a snout against the grass, a dog sniffing over the ground! A wild *skaal* for the wild cat lying

¹ Used as a rule when drinking (see p. 87). Here equivalent to ‘hail!’

crouched, sighting and ready to spring on a sparrow in the dark, in the dark! *Skaal* for the merciful silence upon earth, for the stars and the half moon, ay, for them and it!" . . .

I rise up and listen. No one has heard me. I sit down again.

"Thanks for the lonely night, for the hills, the rush of the darkness and the sea, rushing through my heart! Thanks for my life, for my breath, for the grace of being alive to-night, thanks from my heart for these! Hear, east and west, oh, hear. It is the eternal God. This silence murmuring in my ears is the blood of all Nature seething; God weaving through the world and me. I see a glistening gossamer thread in the light of my fire; I hear a boat rowing across the harbour, the northern lights flare over the heavens to the north. By my immortal soul, I am full of thanks that it is I who am sitting here!"

Silence. A fir cone falls dully to the ground. A fir cone fell! I think to myself. The moon is high, the fire flickers over the half-burned brands and is dying. And in the late night I wander home.

The second iron night; the same stillness

and mild weather. My soul is pondering. I walk mechanically over to a tree, pull my cap deep down over my eyes and lean my back against that tree, with hands clasped behind my neck. I gaze and think, the flame from my fire dazzles my eyes, and I do not feel it. I stand in that senseless position a while, looking at the fire; my legs fail me first, and grow tired; thoroughly stiff, I sit down. Not till then do I think of what I have been doing. Why should I stare so long at the fire?

Æsop lifts his head and listens; he hears footsteps; Eva appears between the trees.

"I am very thoughtful and sad this evening," I say.

And in sympathy she makes no answer.

"I love three things," I go on. "I love a dream of love I once had; I love you; and I love this spot of ground."

"And which do you love most?"

"The dream."

All still again. Æsop knows Eva, and lays his head on one side and looks at her. I murmur:

"I saw a girl on the road to-day; she walked arm in arm with her lover. The girl pointed

towards me with her eyes, and could scarcely keep from laughing as I passed."

"What was she laughing at?"

"I do not know. At me, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Did you know her?"

"Yes. I bowed."

"And did she not know you?"

"No, she made as if she did not know me. . . . But why do you sit there worming things out of me? It is an ugly thing to do. You will not get me to tell you her name."

Pause.

I murmur again :

"What was she laughing at? She is a flirt; but what was she laughing at? In the name of Jesus Christ, what had I done to harm her?"

Eva answers :

"It was cruel of her to laugh at you."

"No, it was not cruel of her," I cry. "How dare you sit there speaking ill of her? She never did an unkind thing, it was only right that she should laugh at me. Be silent, devil take you, and leave me in peace, do you hear?"

And Eva, terrified, leaves me in peace. I look at her, and repent my harsh words at once; I fall down before her, wringing my hands.

“Go home, Eva, it is you I love most; how could I love a dream? It was only a jest; it is you I love. But go home now; I will come to you to-morrow; remember, I am yours; yes, do not forget it. Good-night.”

And Eva goes home.

The third iron night, a night of extremest tension. If only there had been a little frost! Instead, still heat after the sun of the day; the night was like a lukewarm marsh. I lit my fire. . . .

“Eva, it can be a delight at times to be dragged by the hair. So strangely can the mind of a man be warped. One can be dragged by the hair over hill and dale, and if any asks what is happening, one can answer in ecstasy: ‘I am being dragged by the hair!’ And if any asks: ‘But shall I not help you, release you?’ one answers: ‘No.’ And if they ask: ‘But how can you endure it?’ one answers: ‘I can endure it, for

I love the hand that drags me.' Eva, do you know what it is to hope ? ”

“ Yes, I think so.”

“ Look you, Eva, hoping is a strange thing ; something very strange. You can go out one morning along the road, hoping to meet one you are fond of. And do you meet that one ? No. Why not ? Because that one is busy that morning, is somewhere else perhaps. . . . Once I got to know an old blind Lapp up in the hills. For fifty-eight years he had seen nothing, and now he was over seventy. It seemed to him his sight was getting better little by little, getting on gradually, he thought. If all went well he would be able to make out the sun in a few years' time. His hair was still black, but his eyes were quite white. When we sat in his hut, smoking, he would tell of all the things he had seen before he went blind. He was hardy and strong ; without feeling, indestructible ; and he kept his hope. When I was leaving he came out with me, and began pointing in different ways. ‘ There's the south,’ he said, ‘ and there's north. Now you go that way first, and when you get a little way down, turn off that way,’ he said. ‘ Quite right,’ I said. ‘ And at that

the Lapp laughed contentedly, and said : ' There ! I did not know that forty or fifty years back, so I must see better now than I used to—yes, it is getting better all the time.' And then he crouched down and crept into his hut again, the same old hut, his home on earth. And sat down by the fire again as before, full of hope that in some few years he would be able to make out the sun. . . . Eva, 'tis strange about hope. Here am I, for instance, hoping all the time that I may forget the one I did not meet on the road this morning. . . . "

" You talk so strangely."

" It is the third of the iron nights. I promise you, Eva, to be a different man to-morrow. Let me be alone now. You will not know me again to-morrow, I shall laugh and kiss you, my own sweet girl. Just think—only this one night more, and then I shall be a different man ; in a few hours I shall be so. *Godnat*, Eva."

" *Godnat*."

I lie down closer to the fire, and look at the flames. A pine cone falls from the branch ; a dry twig or so falls too. The night is like a boundless depth. I close my eyes.

After an hour, my senses begin swinging in a certain rhythm, I am ringing in tune with the great stillness, ringing with it. I look at the half-moon; it stands in the sky like a white scale, and I have a feeling of love for it; I can feel myself blushing. "It is the moon!" I say softly and passionately; "it is the moon!" and my heart strikes towards it in a soft throbbing. So for some minutes. It is blowing a little, a stranger wind comes to me, a mysterious current of air. What is it? I look round, and see no one. The wind calls me, and my soul bows acknowledging the call, and I feel myself lifted out of context, pressed to an invisible breast, my eyes are dewed, I tremble—God is standing near, watching me. Again some minutes go. I turn my head round, the stranger wind is gone, and I see something like the back of a spirit wandering silently in through the woods. . . .

I struggle a short while with a heavy melancholy; I was worn out with emotions; I am deathly tired, and I sleep.

When I awoke the night was past. Alas, I had been going about for a long time in a sad state, full of fever, waiting to fall down stricken

with some sickness or other. Often things seemed upside down to me, I saw all things with inflamed eyes, a deep misery possessed me.

It was over now.

XXV

IT is autumn. The summer is gone, it passed as quickly as it had come; ah, how quickly it was gone! The days are cold now, I go out shooting, and fishing, and sing songs in the woods. And there are days with a thick mist that comes floating in from the sea, damming up all things in the dark. One such day something happened. I lost my way, came right through into the woods of the annexe, and came to the Doctor's house. There were visitors there; the young ladies I had met before, young people dancing, just like madcap foals.

A carriage came rolling up, and stopped outside the gate; Edvarda was in the carriage. She started at sight of me. "Good-bye," I said quietly. But the Doctor held me back. Edvarda was troubled at my presence at first, and looked down when I spoke; after, she bore with me, and even went so far as to ask me a question of this or that. She was strikingly

pale; the mist lay grey and cold over her face. She did not get out of the carriage.

“I have come on an errand,” she said. “I come from the parish church, and none of you were there to-day; they said you were here. I have been driving for hours to find you. We are having a little party to-morrow—the Baron is going away next week—and I have been told to invite you all. There will be dancing too. To-morrow evening.”

All bowed and thanked her.

To me, she went on :

“Now, don’t stay away, will you? Don’t send a note at the last minute making some excuse.” She did not say that to any of the others. A little after she drove away.

I was so moved by this unexpected meeting, for a little while I was secretly overjoyed. Then I took leave of the Doctor and his guests, and set off for home. How gracious she was to me, how gracious she was to me! What can I do for her in return? My hands felt helpless, a sweet cold went through my wrists. *Herregud!* I thought to myself, here am I with my limbs hanging helpless for joy, and I cannot clench my hands, but find tears in my eyes for helpless-

ness; what is to be done for that? It was late in the evening when I reached home. I went round by the quay and asked a fisherman if the post-packet would not be in by to-morrow evening. Alas, no, the post-packet would not be in till some time next week. I hurried up to the hut and began looking over my best suit. I cleaned it up and made it look nice; there were holes in it here and there, and I wept and darned the holes.

When I had finished, I lay down on the bed. This rest lasts a moment; then a thought comes to me, and I spring up and stand struck with it, in the middle of the floor. The whole thing is a trick again! I should not have been invited if I had not happened to be there when the others were asked. And, moreover, she had given me the plainest possible hint to stay away; to send a note at the last moment, making some excuse. . . .

I did not sleep all that night, and when morning came I went to the woods, cold, sleepless, and feverish. Ho, having a party at Sirilund! What then? I will neither go nor send any excuse. Hr. Mack is a very thoughtful man; he is giving this party for

the Baron ; but I am not coming—understand that !

The mist lay thick over valley and hills, a clammy rime gathered on my clothes and made them heavy, my face was cold and wet. Only now and then came a breath of wind and made the sleeping mists rise and fall, rise and fall.

It was late in the afternoon, and getting dark, the mist hid everything from my eyes, and I had no sun to show the way. I drifted about for hours on the way home, but there was no hurry. I took the wrong road with the greatest calmness, and came upon unknown places in the woods. At last I stand my gun up against a tree, and consult my compass. I mark out my way carefully, and start off. It would be about eight or nine o'clock.

Then something happened.

After half an hour, I hear music through the fog, and a few minutes later I knew where I was ; quite close to the main building at Sirilund. Had my compass misled me to the very place I was trying to avoid ? A well-known voice calls me—it is the Doctor's voice. A little after I am led in.

Alas, my gun-barrel had perhaps affected the compass and set it wrong. The same thing has happened to me since—one day this year. I do not know what to think. Perhaps, too, it may have been fate.

XXVI

ALL the evening I had a bitter feeling that I should not have come to that party. My coming was hardly noticed at all ; all were so occupied with one another, Edvarda hardly bade me welcome. I began drinking hard because I knew I was unwelcome, and yet I did not go away.

Hr. Mack smiled a great deal and put on his most amiable expression ; he was in evening dress, and looked well. He was now here, now there through the rooms, mixing with his half a hundred guests, dancing a dance now and then, joking and laughing. There were secrets lurking in his eyes.

A whirl of music and voices sounded through the house. Five of the rooms were occupied by the guests, besides the big room where they were dancing. Supper was over when I arrived. Busy maids were now running to and fro with glasses and wines, brightly polished coffee-pots, cigars and pipes, cakes and fruit. There was

no sparing of anything. The chandeliers in the rooms were filled with extra thick candles that had been made for the occasion; the new oil lamps were lit as well.

Eva was helping in the kitchen; I caught a glimpse of her. To think that Eva should be here too!

The Baron received a great deal of attention, though he was quiet and modest, and did not put himself forward. He, too, was in evening dress; the tails of his coat were miserably crushed from the packing. He talked a good deal with Edvarda, followed her with his eyes, drank with her, and called her Fröken, like the daughters of the Dean and the district surgeon. I felt the same dislike of him as before, and could hardly look at him without turning my eyes away with a wretched silly grimace. When he spoke to me, I answered shortly and pressed my lips together after.

I chance to remember something from that evening. I stood talking to a young lady, a fair-haired girl, and said something, or told some story, that made her laugh. It can hardly have been anything remarkable, but perhaps, in my excited state, I told it more amusingly

than I remember now; at any rate, I have forgotten it. Anyhow, when I turned round, there was Edvarda standing behind me. She gave me a glance of recognition.

Afterwards, I noticed that she drew the fair girl aside to find out what I had said. I cannot say how that look of Edvarda's cheered me, after I had been going about from room to room like something of an outcast all the evening; I felt better at once, and spoke to several people, and was entertaining. As far as I am aware, I did nothing awkward or wrong. . . .

I was standing outside on the steps. Eva came carrying some things from one of the rooms. She saw me, came out on the steps, and touched my hands swiftly with one of hers, then she smiled, and went in again. Neither of us had spoken. When I turned to go in after her, there was Edvarda in the passage, watching me. She also said nothing. I went into the room.

"Fancy, Lieutenant Glahn amuses himself holding meetings with the servants on the steps," said Edvarda suddenly, out loud. She was standing in the doorway. Several heard what she said. She laughed, as if speaking in jest, but her face was very pale.

I made no answer to this; I only murmured :

“ It was accidental ; she just came out, and we met in the passage. . . . ”

Some time passed, an hour perhaps. A lady had a glass upset over her dress. As soon as Edvarda saw it, she cried :

“ What has happened ? That is Glahn, of course.”

I had not done it, I was standing at the other end of the room when it happened. After that, I drank pretty hard again, and kept near the door, to be out of the way of the dancers.

The Baron had still the ladies constantly round him, he regretted that his collections were packed away, so that he could not show them ; that bunch of weed from the White Sea, the clay from Korholmerne, highly interesting stone formations from the bottom of the sea. The ladies peeped curiously at his shirt studs, the five-pointed coronets—that meant he was a Baron, of course. All this time the Doctor created no sensation ; even his witty oath, *Død og Pinsel*, no longer had any effect. But when Edvarda was speaking, he was always on the spot, correcting her language, embarrassing her with

little shades of meaning, keeping her down with calm superiority.

She said :

“ . . . until I go over the valley of death.”

And the Doctor asked :

“ Over what ? ”

“ The valley of death. Isn't that what it's called, the valley of death ? ”

“ I have heard of the river of death. I expect that is what you mean.”

Later on, she talked of having something guarded like a . . .

“ Dragon,” put in the Doctor.

“ Yes, like a dragon,” she answered.

But the Doctor said :

“ You can thank me for saving you there. I am sure you were going to say Argus.”

The Baron raised his eyebrows, and looked at him in surprise through his thick glasses, as if he had never heard such ridiculous things. But the Doctor paid no heed. What did he care for the Baron ?

I stay by the door still, the dancers sweep through the room. I manage to get up a conversation with the governess from the vicarage. We talk about the war, the state of

affairs in the Crimea, the happenings in France, Napoleon as Emperor, his protection of the Turks; the young lady had read the papers that summer, and could tell me the news. At last we sat down on a sofa and went on talking.

Edvarda comes by, and stops in front of us. Suddenly she says :

“ You must forgive me, Lieutenant, for surprising you outside like that. I will never do it again.”

And she laughed this time as well, and did not look at me.

“ Jomfru Edvarda,” said I, “ do stop.”

She had spoken very formally, which meant no good, and her look was malicious. I thought of the Doctor, and shrugged my shoulders carelessly, as he would have done. She said :

“ But why don't you go out in the kitchen ? Eva is there. I think you ought to stay there.”

And she gave me a look of hate.

I had not been to parties often, but I had never heard such a tone at anywhere I had been. I said :

“ Are you not afraid you might be misunderstood, Jomfru Edvarda ? ”

“ Oh, but how ? Possibly, of course, but how ? ”

“ You speak without thinking at times. Just now, for instance, it seemed to me as if you were actually telling me to go to the kitchen and stay there, and that, of course, must be a misunderstanding. I know quite well you did not intend to be so rude.”

She walked a few paces away from us. I could see by her manner that she was thinking all the time of what I had said. She turns round and comes back, and says breathlessly :

“ It was no misunderstanding, Hr. Lieutenant, you heard correctly, I did tell you to go to the kitchen.”

“ Oh, Edvarda ! ” broke out the terrified governess.

And I began talking again about the war and the state of affairs in the Crimea ; but my thoughts were far distant. I was no longer intoxicated, only all confused. The earth seemed fading from under my feet, and I lost my composure, as so many unfortunate times before. I got up from the sofa and made to go out. The Doctor stops me.

“ I have just been hearing your praises,” he says.

“Praises ! From whom ? ”

“From Edvarda. She is still standing there away in the corner, and looking at you with glowing eyes. I shall never forget it ; her eyes were absolutely in love, and she said out loud that she admired you.”

“Good,” I said with a laugh. Alas, there was not a clear thought in my head.

I went up to the Baron, bent over him as if to whisper something, and when I was close enough, I spat in his ear. He sprang up and stared idiotically at me. Afterwards I saw him telling Edvarda what had passed, and how disgusted she was. She thought, perhaps, of her shoe that I had thrown into the water, the cups and glasses I had so unfortunately managed to break, and all the other breaches of good tone I had committed ; doubtless all that came up in her mind again. I was ashamed, it was all over with me ; whichever way I turned, I met frightened and astonished looks. And I stole away from Siriluncū, without a word of leave-taking or thanks.

XXVII

THE Baron is going away ; well and good. I will load my gun and go up into the hills and fire a loud shot in his honour and Edvarda's. I will bore a deep hole in a rock and blow up a mountain in his honour and Edvarda's. And a great boulder shall roll down the hillside and dash mightily into the sea just as his ship is passing by. I know a spot, a channel down the hillside where rocks have rolled before and made a clean road to the sea. Far below there is a little boat-house.

“ Two mining drills,” I say to the smith.

And the smith whets two drills. . . .

Eva has been set to driving backwards and forwards between the mill and the quay, with one of Hr. Mack's horses. She has to do a man's work, transporting sacks of corn and flour. I meet her, and she looks splendid with her fresh face. Dear God, how tender and warm is her smile. Every evening I meet her.

“ You look as if you had no troubles, Eva, my love.”

“ You call me your love ! I am an unlearned woman, but I will be true to you. I will be true to you if I should die for it. Hr. Mack grows harsher and harsher every day, but I do not think of it ; he is furious, but I do not answer him. He took hold of my arm and went grey with fury. One thing troubles me.”

“ And what is it that troubles you ? ”

“ Hr. Mack threatens you. He says to me : ‘ Aha, it’s that lieutenant you’ve got in your head all the time ! ’ I answer : ‘ Yes, I am his.’ Then he says : ‘ Ah, you wait. I’ll soon get rid of him.’ He said that yesterday.”

“ It doesn’t matter ; let him threaten . . . Eva, may I see if your feet are as tiny as ever ? Close your eyes and let me see ! ”

And she falls on my neck, with closed eyes. A quiver passes through her. I carry her in to the wood. The horse stands waiting.

XXVIII

I SIT up in the hills, mining. The autumn air is crystal clear about me. The strokes of my drill ring steady and even. Æsop looks at me with wondering eyes. A wave of content swells through my breast again and again—no one knows that I am here among the lonely hills.

The birds of passage have gone; a happy journey and welcome back again! Titmouse and blackcap and a hedge-sparrow or so live now alone in the bush and undergrowth: *tuitui!* All is so curiously changed, the dwarf birch bleeds redly against the grey stones, a harebell here and there shows up among the heather, swaying and whispering a little song: sh! But high over all hovers an eagle with outstretched neck, seeking about over the hills.

And the evening comes; I lay my drill and my hammer in under the rock and take a rest. All things glooming now, the moon glides up in the north, the rocks cast gigantic shadows. It is

full moon ; it looks like a glowing island, it looks like a round riddle of brass, that I pass by and wonder at. Æsop gets up and is restless.

“ What is it, Æsop ? As for me, I am tired of my sorrow, I will forget it, drown it. Lie still, Æsop, I tell you ; I will have no disturbance. Eva asks : ‘ Do you think of me now and again ? ’ I answer : ‘ Always of you.’ Eva asks again : ‘ And is it any joy to you, to think of me ? ’ I answer : ‘ Always a joy, never anything but joy.’ Then says Eva : ‘ Your hair is going grey.’ I answer : ‘ Yes, it is beginning to turn grey.’ But Eva says : ‘ Is it something you think about, that is turning it grey ? ’ And to that I answer : ‘ Maybe.’ At last says Eva : ‘ Then you do not think only of me . . . ’ Æsop, lie still, I will tell you rather of something else. . . .”

But Æsop stands sniffing excitedly down towards the valley, pointing, and dragging at my clothes. When at last I get up and follow, it cannot get along fast enough. A flush of red shows in the sky above the woods. I go on faster, and there shows before my eyes a glow, a huge fire. I stop and stare at it, go on a few steps and stare—my hut is ablaze.

XXIX

THE fire was Hr. Mack's doing ; I saw through it from the first. I lost my skins and my birds' wings, I lost my stuffed eagle ; all was destroyed. What now ? I lay out for two nights under the open sky, without going to Sirilund to ask for shelter ; at last I hired a deserted fisher-hut by the quay, and stopped the cracks with dried moss. I slept on a load of red horseberry ling from the hills. Once more my needs were filled.

Edvarda sent a message to say she had heard of my misfortune and offered me now, on her father's behalf, a room at Sirilund. Edvarda touched ! Edvarda generous ! I sent no answer. Thank Heaven, I was no longer without shelter, and it gave me a proud joy to make no answer to Edvarda's offer. I met her on the road, with the Baron ; they were walking arm in arm. I looked them both in the face and bowed as I passed. She stopped, and asked :

“So you will not come and stay with us, Lieutenant ?”

“I have settled in my new place already,” I said, and stopped also.

She looked at me ; her breast was heaving violently.

“You would have lost nothing by coming to us,” she said.

Thankfulness moved in my heart, but I could not speak.

The Baron walked on slowly.

“Perhaps you do not want to see me any more,” she said.

“I thank you, Jomfru Edvarda, for offering me shelter when my house was burned,” I said. “It was the more kind of you, since your father was hardly willing.” And I thanked her with bared head for her offer.

“In God’s name, will you not see me again, Glahn ?” she said suddenly.

The Baron was calling.

“The Baron is calling,” I said, and took off my hat again respectfully.

And I went up into the hills, to my mining. Nothing, nothing should make me lose my self-possession any more. I met Eva. “There,

what did I say ?” I cried. “Hr. Mack cannot drive me away. He has burned my hut, and I have already another hut. . . .” She was carrying a tar-bucket and brush. “What now, Eva ?”

Hr. Mack had a boat in a shed under the cliff, and had ordered her to tar it. He watched her every step—she had to obey.

“But why in the shed there ? Why not at the quay ?”

“Hr. Mack had ordered it so. . . .”

“Eva, Eva, my love, they make you a slave, and you do not complain. See, now you are smiling again, and life streams through your smile, for all that you are a slave.”

When I got up to my mining work, I found a surprise. I could see someone had been on the spot ; I examined the tracks and recognised the print of Hr. Mack’s long, pointed shoes. What could he be ferreting about here for ? I thought to myself, and looked round: No one to be seen—I had no suspicion.

And I fell to hammering with my drill, never dreaming what harm I did.

XXX

THE post-packet came; it brought my uniform; it was to take the Baron and all his cases of scales and seaweeds on board. Now it was loading up barrels of herrings and oil at the quay; towards evening it would be off again.

I took my gun and put a heavy load of powder in each barrel. When I had done so, I nodded to myself. I go up in the hills and fill my mine with powder as well; I nod again. Now all was ready. I lay down to wait.

I waited for hours. I could hear all the time the steamer's winches at work hoisting and lowering. It was already growing dusk. At last the whistle sounds, the cargo is on board, the ship is putting off. Now I have some minutes to wait, the moon was not up, and I stared like a madman through the gloom of the evening.

When the first point of the bow thrust out past the islet, I lit my slow match and stepped hurriedly away. A minute passes. Suddenly there is a roar, a spurt of stone fragments in the air, the hillside trembles, and the rock goes crashing down the abyss. The hills all round give echo. I pick up my gun and fire off one barrel; the echo answers many and many times again. After a moment I fire the second barrel too; the air trembled at the salute, and the echo flung the noise out into the wide world; it was as if all the hills had united in a shout for the vessel sailing away. A little time passes; the air grows still, the echoes die away in all the hills, and earth lies silent again. The ship disappears in the gloom.

I am trembling still with a strange excitement. I take my drills and my gun under my arm, and set off with slack knees down the hillside. I take the shortest way, marking the smoking track left by my avalanche. Æsop goes shaking his head all the time and sneezing at the smell of burning.

When I came down to the shed, I found a sight that filled me with violent emotion; a boat lay crushed by the falling rock, and Eva,

Eva lay beside, crushed and broken, dashed to pieces by the shock, torn beyond recognition in the side and down the front of the body. Eva, killed on the spot.

XXXI

WHAT more have I to write ? No shot was fired from my hand for many days ; I had no food, and did not eat at all ; I sat in my shed. Eva was carried to the church in Hr. Mack's white-painted house-boat, I went overland, and came to the church. . . .

Eva is dead. Do you remember her little girlish head, with hair like a nun's ? She came so quietly, laid down her head and smiled. And saw you how that smile was full of life ? Be still, Æsop ; I remember a strange saga story, of four generations ago, in Iselin's time, when Stamer was a priest.

A girl sat captive in a masonry tower. She loved a lord. Why ? Ask the winds and the stars, ask the God of life, for there is none that knows such things. The lord was her friend and lover, but the time went on, and one fine day he saw another and his liking changed.

Like a youth he loved his maid. Often he

called her his blessing, and his dove, and her embrace was hot and throbbing. He said : " Give me your heart ! " And she did so. He said : " May I ask for something, love ? " And wild with joy, she answered " Yes. " And she gave him all, and yet he did not thank her.

The other he loved as a slave, as a madman and a beggar. Why ? Ask the dust of the road and the leaves that fall ; ask the mysterious God of life, for there is no other that knows such things. She gave him nothing, no, nothing did she give him, and yet he thanked her. She said, " Give me your peace and your understanding ! " and he was only sorry that she did not ask his life.

And his maid was set in the tower. . . .

" What do you there, maiden, sitting and smiling ? "

" I think of something ten years back. It was then I met him. "

" You remember him still ? "

" I remember him still. "

And time goes on.

" What do you there, maiden ? And why do you sit and smile ? "

" I am sewing his name on a cloth. "

“Whose name? His who shut you up here?”

“Yes, the one I met twenty years ago.”

“You remember him still?”

“I remember him as I did before.”

And time goes on. . . .

“What do you there, prisoner?”

“I grow old, and can no longer see to sew, I scrape the plaster from the walls. And of that I am making an urn to be a little gift for him.”

“Of whom are you speaking?”

“Of my lover, who shut me in the tower.”

“And do you smile at that, because he locked you in the tower?”

“I am thinking of what he will say now. ‘Look, look,’ he will say, ‘my maiden has sent me a little urn; she has not forgotten me in thirty years.’”

And time goes on. . . .

“What, prisoner, sit you there idle, and smile?”

“I grow old, I grow old, my eyes are blind, I am but thinking.”

“Of him that you met forty years ago?”

“Of him I met when I was young. Maybe it was forty years ago.”

“ But do you not know, then, that he is dead ? . . . You pale, old one, you do not answer, your lips are white, you breathe no more. . . .”

There ! That was the strange tale of the girl in the tower. Wait, Æsop, wait a little, there was something I forgot. One day she heard her lover's voice in the courtyard, and she fell on her knees and blushed. And that was when she was forty years . . .

I bury you, Eva, and kiss in humility the sand above your grave. A thick, rose-red memory glides through me when I think of you ; I am as if drenched in blessing at thought of your smile. You gave all ; all did you give, and it cost you nothing, for you were the wild child of life itself. But others who miserly spare even a glance can have all my thoughts. Why ? Ask the twelve months and the ships on the sea ; ask the mysterious God of the heart. . . .

XXXII

A MAN said :
“ You never go out shooting now ?
Æsop is running loose in the woods ;
he is after a hare.”

I said :

“ Go and shoot it for me.”

Some days passed. Hr. Mack looked me up, he was hollow-eyed, his face was grey. I thought : Is it true that I can see through my fellows, or is it not ? I do not know myself.

Hr. Mack spoke of the landslip, the catastrophe. It was a misfortune, a sad accident, I was no way to blame.

I said :

“ If it was someone who wished to separate Eva and me at any price, he has gained his end. God’s curse be on him ! ”

Hr. Mack looked at me suspiciously. He murmured something about the fine funeral. Nothing had been spared.

I sat admiring his quickness of mind.

He would have no compensation for the boat that my landslide had crushed.

“Oh, but surely,” I said, “will you not have some payment for the boat and the tar-bucket and the brush?”

“No, my dear Lieutenant,” he answered. “How could you think of such a thing?” And he looked at me with hatred in his eyes.

For three weeks I saw nothing of Edvarda. Yes, once, I met her at the store, when I went to buy some bread, she stood inside the counter looking over some different sorts of cloth stuff. Only the two assistants were there besides.

I gave greeting aloud, and she looked up, but did not answer. It occurred to me that I could not ask for bread while she was there; I turned to the assistants and asked for powder and shot. While they were weighing it out, I watched her.

A grey dress, all too small for her, with the buttonholes worn; her flat breast heaved restlessly. How she had grown that summer! Her brow was thinking; those strangely curved eyebrows stood in her face like two riddles; all her movements were grown more mature. I looked at her hands, the expression in her long,

delicate fingers moved me violently, made me tremble. She was still turning over the stuffs.

I stood wishing that Æsop would run through to her behind the counter—then I could call him back at once and apologise. What would she say then ?

“Here you are,” said the storekeeper.

I paid for the things, took up my parcels and gave greeting again. She looked up, but again without speaking. Good, I thought to myself. She is the Baron’s bride already, like as not. And I went, without my bread.

When I got outside, I cast a glance up at the window. No one was watching me.

XXXIII

THEN one night the snow came, and it began to be cold in my hut. There was a fireplace, where I cooked my food, but the wood burned poorly, and there was a lot of draught from the walls, though I had caulked them as well as I could. The autumn was past, and the days grew shorter. The first snow still melted under the rays of the sun, and left the ground bare once more, but the nights were cold, and the water froze. And all the grass and all the insects died.

A secret stillness fell upon people, they pondered and were silent, their eyes waited the winter. No calling any more from the drying grounds; the harbour lay quiet, all was moving towards the eternal winter of the northern lights, when the sun slept in the sea. Dull came the sound of the oars from a lonely boat.

A girl came rowing.

“Where have you been, my girl?”

“Nowhere.”

“Nowhere? Say, I know you again, I met you last summer.”

She brought the boat in, stepped ashore and made fast.

“You were herding goats, you stopped to fasten your stocking, I met you one night.”

A little flush rises to her cheeks, and she laughs shyly.

“Little goat-girl, come into the hut and let me look at you. I know your name, too—it is Henriette.”

But she walks past me without speaking. The autumn, the winter, had laid hold of her too; already her senses slept.

Already the sun had gone to sea.

XXXIV

AND I put on my uniform for the first time, and went down to Sirilund. My heart was beating.

I remembered it all from the first day when Edvarda had come hurrying to me and embraced me before them all; now she had thrown me hither and thither for many months, and made my hair turn grey. My own fault? Yes, my star had led me astray. I thought: How she would chuckle if I throw myself at her feet and tell her the secret of my heart to-day! She will offer me a chair and have wine brought in, and just as she is raising the glass to her lips, to drink with me, she will say: 'Hr. Lieutenant, I thank you for the time we have been together. I shall never forget it!'. But when I grow glad and feel a little hope, she will pretend to drink, and set down the glass untouched. And she will not hide from me that she is only pretending to drink; she will be careful to let me see it. That is her way.

Good—it is nearing the last hour now.

And as I walked down the road I thought further: My uniform will impress her, the trappings are new and handsome. The sword will rattle against the floor. A nervous joy thrilled me, and I whispered to myself: Who knows what may happen yet! I raised my head and threw out a hand. No more humility now, a man's honour and pride! I cared nothing what came of it, I would make no more advances now. Pardon me, *Skjönjomfru*, that I do not ask your hand. . . .

Hr. Mack met me in the courtyard, greyer still, more hollow-eyed.

“Going away? So? I suppose you've not been very comfortable lately, what? Your hut burnt down” And Hr. Mack smiled.

In a moment it seemed as if there stood the wisest man in the world before my eyes.

“Go indoors, Hr. Lieutenant; Edvarda is there. Well, I will say good-bye. See you on the quay I suppose, when the vessel sails.” He walked off, with bowed head, thinking, whistling.

Edvarda was sitting indoors, reading. When I entered, she started a moment at my uniform;

she looked at me sideways like a bird, and even blushed. She opened her mouth.

"I have come to say good-bye," I managed to get out at last.

She rose quickly to her feet, and I saw that my words had some effect.

"Glahn, are you going away? Now?"

"As soon as the boat comes." I grasp her hand, both her hands, a senseless delight takes possession of me, I burst out: "Edvarda!" and stare at her.

And in a moment she is cold—cold and defiant. All that was in her resisted me, she drew herself up. I found myself standing like a beggar before her, I loosed her hand and let her go. I remember that from that moment I stood repeating mechanically: "Edvarda, Edvarda!" again and again without thinking, and when she asked: "Yes? What were you going to say?" I explained nothing.

"To think you are going already," she said again. "Who will come next year, I wonder?"

"Another," I answered. "The hut will be built up again, no doubt."

Pause. She was already reaching for her book.

“I am sorry my father is not in,” she said.
“But I will tell him you were here.”

I made no answer to this. I stepped forward, took her hand once more and said :

“*Farvel*, Edvarda.”

“*Farvel*,” she answered.

I opened the door as if to go. Already she was sitting with the book in her hand, and reading, actually reading and turning the page. Nothing affected, nothing in the least affected by my saying good-bye.

I coughed.

She turned and said in surprise :

“Oh, are you not gone ? I thought you were gone.”

Heaven alone knows, but her surprise was too great; she was not careful, but overdid it, and it came into my head that perhaps she had known all the time I was standing behind her.

“I am going now,” I said.

Then she rose and came over to me.

“I should like to have something in memory of you when you go,” she said. “I thought of asking you for something, but perhaps it is too much. Will you give me *Æsop* ? ”

I did not hesitate, but answered yes.

"Then, perhaps, you would come and bring it to-morrow," she said.

I went.

I looked up at the window. No one there.

It was all over now. . . .

The last night in the hut. I sat in thought, I counted the hours; when the morning came I made ready my last meal. It was a cold day.

Why had she asked me to come myself and bring the dog? Would she speak to me, tell me something for the last time? I had nothing more to hope for. And how would she treat Æsop? Æsop, Æsop, she will torture you! For my sake she will whip you, caress you too, perhaps, but certainly whip you, with and without reason; ruin you altogether. . . .

I called Æsop to me, patted him, put our two heads together, and picked up my gun. It was already whining with pleasure, thinking we were going out after game. I put our heads together once more; laid the muzzle of the gun against Æsop's neck and fired.

I hired a man to carry Æsop's body to Edvarda.

X X X V

THE post-packet was to sail in the afternoon.

I went down to the quay, my things were already on board. Hr. Mack pressed my hand, and said encouragingly it would be nice weather, pleasant weather ; he would not mind making the trip himself in such weather. The Doctor came walking down, Edvarda was with him ; I felt my knees beginning to tremble. "

" Came to see you safely off," said the Doctor.

I thanked him.

Edvarda looked me straight in the face and said :

" I must thank you for your dog." She pressed her lips together ; they were quite white. Again she had called me "*Eder*." ¹

" When does the boat go ? " asked the Doctor of a man.

" In half an hour."

I said nothing.

¹ The most formal mode of address.

Edvarda was turning restlessly this way and that.

“Doctor, don’t you think we may as well go home again?” she said. “I have done what I came to do for.”

“You have done what you came to do,” said the Doctor.

She laughed, in humiliation, at his eternal corrections, and answered :

“Wasn’t that almost what I said?”

“No,” he answered shortly.

I looked at him. The little man stood there cold and firm ; he had made a plan, and carried it out to the last. And if he lost after all ? In any case, he would never show it ; his face never betrayed him.

It was getting dusk.

“Well, good-bye,” I said. “And thanks for every day.”

Edvarda looked at me dumbly. Then she turned her head and stood looking out at the ship.

I got into the boat. Edvarda was still standing on the quay. When I got on board, the Doctor called out good-bye. I looked over to the shore. Edvarda turned at the same time, and walked away from the quay, hurriedly, and with the

Doctor far behind. That was the last I saw of her.

A wave of sadness went through my heart. . . .

The vessel began to move; I could still see Hr. Mack's sign: "Salt and Barrels." But soon it was effaced. The moon and the stars came out, the hills rose up round about, and I saw the endless woods. There is the mill; there, there stood my hut, that was burned; the big grey stone stands there all alone on the site of the fire. Iselin, Eva. . . .

The night of the northern lights spreads over valley and hill.

XXXVI

I HAVE written this to pass the time. It amused me to look back to that summer in Nordland, when I counted the hours many a time; but the time flew nevertheless. All is changed. The days will no longer pass.

I have many a merry hour even yet, but the time, the time stands still, and I cannot understand how it can stand so still. I am out of the service, and free as a prince; all is well, I meet people, drive in carriages; now and again I shut one eye and write with one finger up in the sky; I tickle the moon under the chin, and fancy it laughs, laughs broadly at being tickled under the chin. All things smile. I pop a cork and call gay people to me.

As for Edvarda, I do not think of her. Why should I not have forgotten her altogether after all this time? I have some pride. And if anyone asks whether I have any sorrows, then I answer straight out no; that I have no sorrows. . . .

Cora lies looking at me. Æsop, it used to be, but now it is Cora that lies looking at me. The clock ticks on the mantel; outside my open windows sounds the roar of the city. A knock at the door, and the postman hands me a letter. A letter with a coronet. I know who sent it; I understand it at once, or maybe I dreamed it one sleepless night. But in the letter there is nothing written, only two green bird's feathers inside.

An icy horror thrills me, I turn cold. Two green feathers! I say to myself: Well, and what then? But why should I turn cold? Now there is a cursed draught from those windows.

And I shut the windows.

There lie two bird's feathers, I think to myself again; I seem to know them, they remind me of a little jest up in Nordland, just a little episode among a host of others; it was amusing to see those two feathers again. And suddenly, I seem to see a face, and hear a voice, and the voice says: *Værsaagod, Hr. Løjtnant, her er Eders Fuglefjær!*"¹

*Eders*² *Fuglefjær*. . . .

¹ "Here, Lieutenant: here are your feathers."

² See note, p. 194.

Cora, lie still, 'do you hear, I will kill you if you move !

The weather is hot, an intolerable heat in the room ; what was I thinking of to close the windows ? Open them again—open the door too ; open it wide—this way, merry souls, come in ! Hey, messenger, an errand, go out and fetch me a host of people. . . .

And the day goes ; but time stands still.

Now I have written this for my own pleasure only, and amused myself with it as best I could. No sorrow weighs on me, only that I long to be away ; where, I do not know, but far away, perhaps in Africa or India. For my place is in the woods, in solitude.

GLAHN'S DEATH

A DOCUMENT FROM 1861

I

THE Glahn family can go on advertising as long as they please for Lieutenant Thomas Glahn, who disappeared ; but he will never come back. He is dead, and, what is more, I know how he died.

To tell the truth, I am not surprised that his people should still keep seeking information ; for Thomas Glahn was in many ways an uncommon and likeable man. I admit this, for fairness' sake, and that despite the fact that Glahn is still hostile to my soul, and the memory of him wakes hatred. He was a splendidly handsome man, full of youth, and with an irresistible manner. When' he looked at you with his hot animal eyes, you could not but feel his power ; even I felt it so. A woman is stated to have said : "When he looks at me,

I am lost ; I feel a sensation as if he were touching me."

But Thomas Glahn had his faults, and I have no intention of hiding them, seeing that I hate him. He could at times be full of nonsense like a child, so kindly natured was he, and perhaps it was that which made him so irresistible to women, God knows ! He could chat with them and laugh at their senseless twaddle, and so he made an impression. Once, speaking of a very corpulent man in the place, he said that he looked as if he went about with his breeches full of lard. And he laughed at that joke himself, though I should have been ashamed of it. Another time, after we had come to live in the same house together, he showed his foolishness in an unmistakable way ; my landlady came in one morning and asked what I would have for breakfast, and in my hurry, I happened to answer ; "*En Æg og et Skive Brød.*"¹ Thomas Glahn was sitting in my room at the time ; he lived in the attic up above, just under the roof—and began to laugh childishly over my little slip

¹ "An egg and a slice of bread" is what is meant. But the articles are misplaced : "en" for "et," and *vice versa*. Glahn, of course, is thinking of Edvarda and the Doctor.

of the tongue, chuckling over it. "*En Æg og et Skive Brød,*" he repeated time out of number, until I looked at him in surprise and made him stop.

Maybe I shall call to mind other ridiculous traits of his later on, and, if so, I will write them down too, and not spare him, seeing that he is still my enemy. Why should I be generous? But I will admit that he only talked nonsense when he was drunk. But is it not a great mistake in itself, to be drunk at all?

When I first met him, in the autumn of 1859, he was a man of two-and-thirty—we were of an age. He wore a full beard at that time, and affected woollen sports shirts with an exaggerated lowness of neck; not content with that, he sometimes left the top button undone. His neck appeared to me at first to be remarkably handsome, but little by little he made me his deadly enemy, and then I did not consider his neck handsomer than mine, though I did not show off mine so openly. I met him first on a river boat, and we were going to the same place, on a hunting trip; we agreed to go together up country by ox waggon when we came to the end of the railway. I purposely refrain from stating the

place we were going to, not wishing to set anyone on the track ; but the Glahns can safely stop advertising for their relative ; for he died at the place we went to, and which I will not name.

I had heard of Thomas Glahn, by the way, before I met him ; his name was not unknown to me. I had heard of some affair of his with a young girl from Nordland, from a big house there, and that he had compromised her in some way, after which she broke it off. This he had sworn, in his foolish obstinacy, to revenge upon himself, and the lady calmly let him do as he pleased in that respect, considering it no business of hers. From that time onwards, Thomas Glahn's name began to be well known ; he turned wild, mad ; he drank, created scandal after scandal, and resigned his commission in the army. A queer way of taking vengeance for a girl's refusal!

There was also another story of his relations with that young lady ; that he had not compromised her in any way, but that her people had showed him the door, and that she herself had helped in it, after a Swedish Count, whose name I will not mention, had proposed to her. But this account I am less inclined to trust,

and regard the first as true, since after all I hate Thomas Glahn, and believe him capable of the worst. But, however it may have been, he never spoke himself of the affair with that noble lady, and I did not ask him about it. What business was it of mine ?

As we sat there on the boat, I remember we talked about the little village we were making for, and where neither of us had been before.

“There’s a sort of hotel there, I believe,” said Glahn, looking at the map. “Kept by an old half-caste woman, so they say. The chief lives in the next village, and has a heap of wives, by all accounts ; some of them only ten years old.”

Well, I knew nothing about the chief and his wives, or whether there was a hotel in the place, so I said nothing, but Glahn smiled, and I thought his smile was beautiful.

I forgot, by the way, that he could not by any means be called a perfect man, handsome though he was. He told me himself that he had an old gunshot wound in his left foot, and that it was full of gout whenever the weather changed.

A WEEK later we were lodged in the big hut that went by the name of hotel, with the old English half-caste woman. What a hotel it was! The walls were clay, with a little wood, and the wood was eaten through by the white ants that crawled about everywhere. I lived in a room next the main parlour, with a green glass window looking on to the street, a single pane, not very clear at that, and Glahn had chosen a little bit of a hole up in the attic, but much darker, and a poor place to live in. The sun heated the thatched roof and made his room almost insufferably hot night and day, besides which, it was not a stair at all that led up to it, but a wretched bit of a ladder with four steps. What could I do? I let him take his choice, and said :

“Here are two rooms, one upstairs and one down ; take your choice !”

And Glahn looked at the two rooms and took the upper one, possibly to give me the better

of the two—but, was I not grateful for it? I owe him nothing.

As long as the worst of the heat lasted, we left the hunting alone, and stayed quietly in the hut, for the heat was extremely uncomfortable. We lay with a mosquito net over the bedplace, at night, to keep off the insects, but even then it happened sometimes that blind bats would come flying silently against our nets and tear them; this happened too often to Glahn, because he was obliged to have a trap in the roof open all the time, on account of the heat, but it did not happen to me. In the daytime we lay on mats outside the hut, and smoked and watched the life about the other huts. The natives were brown, thick-lipped folk, all with rings in their ears and dead, brown eyes; they were almost naked, with just a strip of cotton cloth or plaited leaves round the middle, and the women had also a short petticoat of cotton stuff to cover them. All the children went about stark naked night and day, with great big prominent bellies simply glistening with oil.

“The women are too fat,” said Glahn.

And I too thought the women were too fat, and perhaps it was not Glahn at all, but myself,

that thought so first, but I will not dispute his claim, and am willing to give him the credit. As a matter of fact, not all the women were ugly, though their faces were fat and swollen; I had met a girl in the village, a young half-Tamil with long hair and snow-white teeth; she was the prettiest of them all. I came upon her one evening at the edge of a rice field, she lay flat on her face in the high grass kicking her legs in the air. She could talk to me, and we talked also, as long as I pleased; it was next morning before we separated, and then she did not go straight home, but pretended she had been in the next village all night. Glahn sat that evening in the middle of our village outside a little hut with two other girls, very young, not more than ten years old perhaps. He sat there talking nonsense to them, and drinking rice beer; that was the sort of thing he liked.

A couple of days after we went out shooting. We passed by tea gardens, rice fields, and grass plains, we left the village behind us and went in the direction of the river, and came into forests of strange foreign trees, bamboo and mango, tamarind, teak and salt trees, oil- and

gum-bearing plants, Heaven knows what they all were, we had but little knowledge of the things between us. But there was very little water in the river, and so it remained until the rainy season. We shot wild pigeons and partridges, and saw a couple of panthers one afternoon; parrots, too, flew over our heads. Glahn was a terribly accurate shot, he never missed; but that was also because his gun was better than mine; I shot also terribly accurately many times. I never boasted of it, but Glahn would often say: "I'll get that fellow in the tail," or "That one in the head." He would say that before he fired, and when the bird fell, sure enough, it was hit in the tail or the head as he had said. When we came upon the two panthers, Glahn was all for attacking them too with his shot-gun, but I persuaded him to give it up, as it was getting dusk, and we had no more than a couple or so of cartridges left. He boasted of that too; of having had the courage to attack panthers with a shot-gun.

"I am sorry I did not fire at them after all," he said to me. "What do you want to be so infernally cautious for? Do you want to go on living?"

"I'm glad you consider me wiser than yourself," I answered.

"Well, don't let us quarrel over a trifle," he said.

Those were his words, not mine; if he had wished to quarrel, I on my part had no wish to prevent him. I was beginning to feel some dislike of him for his incautious behaviour, and his manner with women. Only the night before I had been walking quietly along with Maggie, the Tamil girl that was my friend, and we were both as happy as could be. Glahn sits outside his hut, and nods and smiles to us as we pass; but Maggie saw him then for the first time, and asked me about him inquisitively. So great an impression had he made on her, that, when it was time to go, we went each our own way; she did not go back home with me.

Glahn would have put this by as of no importance when I spoke to him about it. But I did not forget it. And it was not to me he nodded and smiled as we passed by the hut; it was to Maggie.

"What's that she chews?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I answered. "She chews, I suppose that's what her teeth are for."

And it was no news to me either that Maggie was always chewing something, I had noticed it long before. But it was not betel she was chewing, for her teeth were quite white ; she had, however, a habit of chewing all sorts of other things, putting them in her mouth and chewing as if it were something nice. Anything would do ; a piece of money, a scrap of paper, feathers—she would chew it all the same. Still, it was nothing to reproach her for, seeing she was the prettiest girl in the village anyway ; but Glahn was jealous of me, that was all.

I was friends again with Maggie though, next evening, and we saw nothing of Glahn.

A WEEK passed now, and we went out shooting every day, and shot a heap of game. One morning, just as we were entering the forest, Glahn gripped me by the arm and whispered: "Stop!" At the same moment he threw up his rifle and fired. It was a young leopard he had shot. I might have fired myself, but Glahn kept the honour to himself and fired first. Now he'll boast of that again, I said to myself. We went up to the dead beast, it was stone dead, the left flank all torn up, and the bullet in its back.

Now I do not like being gripped by the arm, so I said:

"I could have managed that shot myself."

Glahn looked at me.

I say again: "You think perhaps I couldn't have done it?"

Still Glahn makes no answer. Instead, he shows his childishness once more, shooting the

dead leopard again, this time through the head. I looked at him in utter astonishment.

"Well, you know," he explains, "I shouldn't like to have it said I shot a leopard in the flank."

"You are very amiable this evening," I said.

It was too much for his vanity to have made such a poor shot; he must always be first. What a fool he was! But it was no business of mine, anyway. I was not going to show him up.

In the evening, when we came back to the village with the dead leopard, a lot of the natives came out to look at it. Glahn simply said we had shot it that morning, and made no sort of fuss about it himself at the time. Maggie came up too.

"Who shot it?" she asked.

And Glahn answered:

"You can see for yourself—twice hit; we shot it this morning when we went out." And he turned the beast over and showed her the two bullet wounds, both that in the flank and that in the head. "That's where mine went," he said, pointing to the side—in his idiotic fashion he wanted me to have the credit of having shot it in the head. I did not trouble

to correct him, and said nothing. After that, Glahn began treating the natives with rice beer ; gave them any amount of it, as many as cared to drink.

“ Both shot it,” said Maggie to herself, but she was looking at Glahn all the time.

I drew her aside with me and said :

“ What are you looking at him all the time for ? I am here too, I suppose ? ”

“ Yes,” she said. “ And listen : I am coming this evening.”

It was the day after this Glahn got the letter. There came a letter for him, sent up by express messenger from the river station, and it had made a detour of a hundred and eighty miles. The letter was in a woman’s hand, and I thought to myself that perhaps it was from that former friend of his, the noble lady. Glahn laughed nervously when he had read it, and gave the messenger extra money for bringing it. But it was not long before he turned silent and gloomy, and did nothing but sit staring straight before him. That evening he got drunk ; sat drinking with an old dwarf of a native and his son, and clung hold of me too, and did all he could to make me drink as well.

Then he laughed out loud and said :

“Here we are, the two of us, miles away in the middle of all India shooting game—what ? Desperately funny, isn’t it ? And *Skaal* for all the lands and kingdoms of the earth, and *Skaal* for all the pretty women, married or unmarried, far and near. Hoho ! Nice thing for a man when a married woman proposes to him, isn’t it—a married woman ? ”

“A countess,” said I ironically. I said it very scornfully, and that cut him. He grinned like a dog because it hurt him. Then suddenly he wrinkled his forehead and began blinking his eyes, and thinking hard if he hadn’t said too much, so mighty serious was he about his bit of a secret. But just then a lot of children came running over to our hut and crying out : “Tigers, ohoi, the tigers !” A child had been snapped up by a tiger quite close to the village, in a thicket between it and the river.

That was enough for Glahn, drunk as he was, and cut up about something into the bargain ; he picked up his rifle and raced off at once to the thicket—didn’t even put on his hat. But why did he take his rifle instead of a shot-gun, if he was really as plucky as all that ? He had

to wade across the river, and that was rather a risky thing in itself, but then the river was nearly dry now, till the rains; a little after I heard two shots, and then close on them a third. Three shots at a single beast, I thought, why, ? lion would have fallen for two, and this was only a tiger! But even those three shots were no use, the child was torn to bits and half eaten by the time Glahn came up; if he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have made the attempt to save it.

He spent the night drinking and rioting in the hut next door, with a widow and her two daughters—the Lord knows which of them he was with.

For two days Glahn was never sober for a minute, and he had found a deal of companions too, to drink with him. He begged me in vain to take part in the orgy. He was no longer careful of what he said, and taunted me with being jealous of him.

“Your jealousy makes you blind,” he said.

My jealousy? I to be jealous of him?

“Good Lord,” I said, “are you jealous of me? What's there for me to be jealous about?”

“No, no, of course, you're not jealous of me,”

he answered. "I saw^a Maggie this evening, by the way. She 'was chewing something, as usual."

I made no answer, and walked off.

WE began going out shooting again. Glahn felt he had wronged me, and begged my pardon.

"And I'm dead sick of the whole thing," he said. "I only wish you'd make a slip one day and put a bullet in my throat." It was that letter from the Countess again, perhaps, that was smouldering in his mind. I answered :

"As a man sows, so he shall reap."

Day by day he grew more silent and gloomy, he had given up drinking now, and didn't say a word, either ; his cheeks grew hollow.

One day I heard talking and laughter outside my window ; Glahn had turned cheerful again, and stood there talking out loud to Maggie. He was putting in all his fascinating tricks. Maggie must have come straight from her hut, and Glahn had been looking out for her. They even had the nerve to stand there making up together right outside my glass window.

I felt a trembling in all my limbs, I cocked

my gun, and let the hammer down again. I went outside, and took Maggie by the arm; we walked out of the village in silence; Glahn went back into the hut again at once.

“What were you talking to him again for?” I asked Maggie.

She made no answer.

I was thoroughly desperate, my heart beat so I could hardly breathe. I had never seen Maggie look so lovely as she did then; never seen a real white girl so beautiful, and so I forgot she was a Tamil, and forgot everything for her sake.

“Answer me,” I said. “What were you talking to him for?”

“I like him best,” she said.

“You like him better than me?”

“Yes.”

Oh, indeed! She liked him better than me, though I was at least as good a man! Hadn't I always been kind to her, and given her money and presents? And what had he done?

“He makes fun of you; he says you're always chewing things,” I said.

She did not understand that, and I explained it better; how she had a habit of putting everything in her mouth and chewing at it, and Glahn

laughed at her for it. That made more impression on her than all the rest I said.

"Look here, Maggie," I went on, "you shall be mine for all the time. Wouldn't you like that? I've been thinking it over, you shall go with me when I leave here; I will marry you, do you hear, and we'll go to my own country and live there. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

And that impressed her too. Maggie grew lively and talked a lot as we walked. She only mentioned Glahn once; she asked:

"And will Glahn go with us when we go away?"

"No," I said. "He won't. Are you sorry about that?"

"No, no," she said quickly. "I am glad."

She said no more about him, and I felt easier. And Maggie went home with me too, when I asked her.

When she left, a couple of hours later, I climbed up the ladder to Glahn's room, and knocked at the thin reed door. He was in. I said:

"I came to tell you perhaps we'd better not go out shooting to-morrow."

"Why not?" said Glahn.

“Because I’m not sure but I might make a little mistake and put a bullet in your throat.”

Glahn did not answer, and I went down again. After that warning he would hardly dare to go out to-morrow—but what did he want to get Maggie out under my window and fool with her there at the top of his voice? Why didn’t he go back home again, if the letter really asked him? Instead of going about as he often did, clenching his teeth and shouting at the empty air: “Never, never! I’ll be drawn and quartered first!”

But the morning after I had warned him as I said, there was Glahn the same as ever, standing by my bed, calling out:

“Up with you, comrade! It’s a lovely day, we must go out and shoot something. That was all nonsense you said yesterday.”

It was no more than four o’clock, but I got up at once, and got ready to go with him, in spite of my warning. I loaded my gun before starting out, and let him see I did it. And it was not at all a lovely day, as he had said, it was raining, which showed he was only trying to irritate me the more. But I took no notice, and went with him, saying nothing.

All that day we wandered round through the forest, each in our own thoughts. We shot nothing; lost one chance after another through thinking of other things than sport. About noon, Glahn began walking a bit ahead of me, as if to give me a better chance of doing what I liked with him. He walked right across the muzzle of my gun, but I bore with that too. We came back that evening, nothing had happened. I thought to myself: "Perhaps he'll be more careful now, and leave Maggie alone."

"That's been the longest day in my life," said Glahn, when we got back to the hut.

Nothing more was said on either side.

The next few days he was in the blackest humour, seemingly all about that same letter. "I can't stand it; no, it's more than I can bear," he would say sometimes in the night; we could hear it all through the hut. His ill-temper carried him so far that he would not even answer the most friendly questions when our landlady spoke to him; and he used to groan in his sleep. He must have a deal on his conscience, I thought—but why in the name of goodness didn't he go home? Just pride, no doubt; he

would not go back when he had been turned off once.

I met Maggie every evening, and Glahn talked with her no more. I noticed that she had given up chewing things altogether; she never chewed now, and I was pleased at that, and thought: She's given up chewing things, that is one failing the less, and I love her twice as much as I did before! One day she asked about Glahn; asked very cautiously. Was he not well? Had he gone away?

"If he's not dead, or gone away," I said, "he's lying at home, no doubt. It's all one to me. He's beyond all bearing now."

But just then, coming up to the hut, we saw Glahn lying on a mat on the ground, hands at the back of his neck, staring up at the sky.

"There he is," I said.

Maggie went straight up to him, before I could stop her, and said in a pleased sort of voice:

"I don't chew things now, nothing at all. No feathers or money or bits of paper—you can see for yourself."

Glahn scarcely looked at her, and lay still, but Maggie and I went on. When I reproached

her with having broken her promise and spoken to Glahn again, she answered that she had only meant to show him he was wrong.

“That’s right, show him he’s wrong,” I said, “but do you mean it was for his sake you stopped chewing things?”

She did not answer. What, wouldn’t she answer?

“Do you hear? Tell me, was it for his sake?”

“No, no,” she said; “it was for your sake.”

And I could not think otherwise. Why should she do anything for Glahn’s sake?

That evening Maggie promised to come to me, and she did.



SHE came at ten o'clock, I heard her voice outside, she was talking out loud to a child she led by the hand. Why did she not come in, and what had she brought the child for ? I watched her, and it struck me that she was giving a signal by talking out loud to the child ; I noticed, too, that she kept her eyes fixed on the attic, on Glahn's window up there. Had he nodded to her, I wondered, or beckoned to her from inside when he heard her talking outside ? Anyhow, I had sense enough myself to know there was no need to look up aloft when talking to a child on the ground.

I was just going out to take her by the arm, but just then she let go the child's hand ; left the child standing there and came in herself through the door to the hut. She stepped into the passage. Well, there she was at last ; I would take care to give her a good talking to when she came !

Well, I stood there and heard Maggie step

into the passage ; there was no mistake, she was close outside my door. But instead of coming in to me, I hear her step up the ladder, up to the attic, to Glahn's hole up there ; I hear it only too well. I throw my door open wide, but Maggie has gone up already, the door is shut after her up there, and I hear nothing more. That was at ten o'clock.

I go in and sit down in my room, and take my gun and load it, though it is the middle of the night. At twelve o'clock I go up the ladder and listen at Glahn's door. I can hear Maggie in there ; I can hear her being kind to Glahn, and I go down again. At one I go up again ; all is quiet this time. I wait outside the door till they wake. Three o'clock, four o'clock—at five they woke. Good, I thought to myself, and I thought of nothing but that they were awake now, and that was good. But a little after I heard a noise and movement down in the hut, from my landlady's room, and had to go down again quickly, not to let her find me there. Glahn and Maggie were evidently awake, and I might have listened much more, but I had to go.

In the passage I said to myself ; " See, here

she went, she must have touched my door with her arm as she passed, but she did not open the door; she went up the ladder, and here is the ladder itself; those four steps, she has trodden them."

My bed lay still untouched, and I did not lie down now, but sat by the window, fingering my rifle now and again. My heart was not beating, it was trembling.

Half an hour later I heard Maggie's footstep on the ladder again. I lie close up to the window and see her walk out of the hut. She was wearing her little short cotton petticoat, that did not even reach to her knees, and over her shoulders a woollen scarf borrowed from Glahn. Save for that she was quite naked, and her little cotton petticoat was very much crushed. She walked slowly, as she always did, and did not so much as glance towards my window. Then she disappeared behind the huts.

A little after came Glahn, with his rifle under his arm, all ready to go out. He looked gloomy, and did not even say good-morning. I noticed, though, that he had got himself up and taken special care about his dress. Rigged out like a bridegroom, I thought to myself.

I got ready at once, and went with him; neither of us said a word. The two first birds we shot were mangled horribly, through shooting them with a rifle; but we cooked them under a tree as best we could, and ate in silence. So the day wore on till noon.

Glahn called out to me :

“Sure your gun is loaded? We might come across something unexpectedly. Load it, anyhow.”

“It is loaded,” I answered.

Then he disappeared a moment into the bush. I felt it would be a pleasure to shoot him then; pick him off and shoot him down like a dog. There was no hurry; he could still enjoy the thought of it for a bit—and he knew well enough what I had in mind, that was why he had asked if my gun was loaded. Even to-day he could not refrain from giving way to his beastly pride; he had dressed himself up and put on a new shirt; his manner was lordly beyond all bounds.

About one o'clock he stops, pale and angry, in front of me, and says :

“I can't stand this! Look and see if you'r loaded, man, if you've anything in your gun.”

“Kindly look after your own gun,” I answered.

But I knew well enough why he was always asking about mine.

And he turned away again. My answer had put him so effectively in his place that he softened down, and hung his head as he walked off.

After a while I shot a pigeon, and loaded again. While I was doing so, there is Glahn suddenly standing half hidden behind a tree, watching me, to see if I really loaded; a little later he starts singing a hymn—and a wedding hymn into the bargain. Singing wedding hymns, and putting on his best clothes, I thought to myself; that's his way of being extra fascinating to-day. Even before he had finished the hymn he began walking softly in front of me, hanging his head, and still singing as he walked. He was keeping right in front of the muzzle of my gun again, as if thinking to himself: Now it is coming, and that is why I am singing this wedding hymn! But it did not come yet, and when he had finished his singing he had to look back at me.

“We shan't get much to-day anyhow, by the look of it,” he said, with a smile, as if excusing himself, and asking pardon of me for singing while we were out after game. But even at that moment his smile was beautiful, it was as if he

were weeping inwardly, and his lips trembled, too, for all that he boasted of being able to smile at such a solemn moment.

I was no woman, and he saw well enough that he made no impression on me; he grew impatient, his face paled, he circled round me with hasty steps, showing up now left, now right of me, and stopping every now and again to wait for me to come up. About five, I heard a shot all of a sudden, and a bullet sang past my left ear. I looked up, there was Glahn standing motionless a few paces off, staring at me; his smoking rifle lay along his arm. Had he tried to shoot me? I said:

“You missed there. You’ve been shooting badly of late.”

But he had not been shooting badly, he never missed, he had only been trying to irritate me.

“Then take your revenge, *for Satan!*” he shouted back.

“All in good time,” I said, clenching my teeth.

We stand there looking at each other, and suddenly Glahn shrugs his shoulders, and calls out “Coward” to me. And why should he call me a coward? I threw my rifle to my shoulder, aimed full in his face and fired.

As a man sows

But there is no need, I say, for the Glahns to make further inquiry about this man ; it annoys me to be constantly seeing their advertisements offering such and such a reward for information about a dead man. Thomas Glahn was killed by accident, shot by accident when out on a hunting trip in India. The court entered his name, with the particulars of his end, in a register with pierced and threaded leaves, and in that register it says that he is dead—dead, I tell you, and what is more, that he was shot by accident.

THE END

Other Gyldendal Books

Works by 'KNUT HAMSON

(NORWEGIAN)

(NOBEL PRIZE, 1920)

GROWTH OF THE SOIL

Translated by W. WORSTER, M.A.

Crown 8vo

Cloth

9s. net

"'Growth of the Soil' is a beautiful work of genius . . . a triumphant exhibition of what can be done with an objective method by a proved master."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"An absorbing story told with a marvellous simplicity."

Times Literary Supplement.

"A picture of infinite tenderness and humanity."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Not for a long time have I been held fascinated by the development of a single human being in fiction as I am with this man Isak."

CLEMENT SHORTER in *The Sphere*.

"Knut Hamsun . . . is one of the creators, one of the Prometheans who have stolen fire from heaven. He has the godlike qualities that belong to the very great, the completest omniscience about human nature."

REBECCA WEST in *The New Statesman*.

". . . indescribably calm and tremendous . . . so entirely human, that we cannot skip one line . . . the critical faculty abdicates and there is nothing left but words of praise . . . whatever else Knut Hamsun may have written should be translated with the least possible delay."—HENRY BAERLEIN in the Christmas number of *The Bookman*.

"New novels of lasting value have been very rare of late. Here, at least, is one."—*Review of Reviews*.

MOTHWISE

Translated by W. WORSTER, M.A.

With Illustrations by LOUIS MOE.

Crown 8vo

Cloth

6s. net

"A richly humorous story."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

"Its rollicking spirit gives it a most agreeable flavour."—*Scotsman*.

"From every point of view this book is a great treat. There is strength, simplicity, and vivid creative force."—*Ladies' Field*.

"A skilful piece of diversion, with touches of sober poetic beauty."

Observer.

Books by GUNNAR GUNNARSSON

(Iceland)

GUEST THE ONE-EYED

Crown 8vo

Cloth

8s. 6d. net

"A romance of intense interest . . . there are some chapters so amazingly and arrestively fine that they stand out as absolutely masterly."—*Evening News*.

"Grandeur and dignity . . . the spirit of romance . . . a noble as well as a notable book."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"Iceland, as a modern wonderland of mystery and romance, has never been more attractively presented than in this beautiful work."

Glasgow Herald.

"Full of dramatic force."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"One of the finest romances we have had for some time."

Newcastle Chronicle.

"Simply told, with a nobility of conception and a clarity of expression that are beyond praise."—*Irish Times*.

THE SWORN BROTHERS

Crown 8vo

Cloth

7s. net

"He writes as one who inherits the old tradition of Viking exploits, love and blood feuds, and the conflicts between the followers of Odin and of Christ."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"The descriptions of ancient Norway are marked by real poetic feeling, which even the translation into another tongue does not seem to mar, and the story of the young men's marauding expeditions on the coasts of Britain has the thrill of real romance."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"A charming story, full of romance. . . . A well-written book, which young and old will read with interest."—*Midland Counties Express*.

"The success of this Scandinavian author's evocation of social order so strangely remote from our own is remarkable."

Westminster Gazette.

"A fine, strong, virile story of the north, full of colour and life . . . should be a classic of its kind in this country before many months have gone."—*Court Journal*.

THE SONG OF THE BLOOD-RED FLOWER

By JOHANNES LINNANKOSKI (Finnish)

Translated by W. WORSTER, M.A.

Crown 8vo

Cloth

7s. net

"The full-blooded passion of virile youth. . . . The author shows his skill and the strength of his abrupt yet lyrical style by the cleverness with which he creates interest and some admiration in the libertine. . . . This notable book."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"A piece of wonderful prose."—*Evening News*.

"A great Scandinavian story."—*Public Opinion*.

"Uncommonly fresh and powerful."—*Scotsman*.

"The dramatic scenes and episodes glow with vigorous beauty."

Glasgow Herald.

"Clothed in an atmosphere of graceful phantasy, and told with delicate charm . . . has no Rabelaisian flavouring about it."—*Evening Standard*.

"This is a book of much beauty. Never, in its most intimate passages, does it overstep the borders of delicacy. There is nothing to raise a nasty taste in one's mouth. . . . The tale is told with real beauty and poetic feeling, and the translation is a triumph."

Badminton Magazine.

JENNY

By SIGRID UNDSET (Norwegian)

Crown 8vo

Cloth

7s. 6d. net

"This is another of the remarkable novels which are being published by the great Copenhagen house of Gyldendal."—*Graphic*.

"Messrs. Gyldendal deserve our thanks for bringing before the English-reading world an author of more than average merit. . . . The writer has given us a brilliant character-study in Jenny. . . . The book is extraordinarily human."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"If this book is representative of modern Norwegian feminine fiction it reveals a high standard, and one which is quite on a level with the best English fiction of the day—in fact, we cannot think of an English book of this type which is quite as good."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"The central figure, Jenny . . . is finely imagined. . . . The story is interesting as a study in temperament."—*Scotsman*.

"One of the most striking studies in feminine psychology that has appeared of late."—*Englishwoman*.

THE OUTCAST

By **SELMA LAGERLÖF** (Swedish; *NOBEL PRIZE, 1909*)

Translated by **W. WORSTER, M.A.**

Crown 8vo

Cloth

8s. 6d. net

"A beautiful conception . . . a remarkable novel . . . the work of one who is an artist in fibre and a born teller of stories."

Daily Telegraph.

"The term 'a powerful novel' is often glibly used, but in the case of 'The Outcast' it is profoundly true."—*Court Journal.*

"Written with real art and rare emotional sincerity."

Manchester Guardian.

"Many as the novels are which deal with the psychology of the poor, we could not very readily name one equal in power and understanding and imagination to 'The Outcast.'"—*Country Life.*

"Selma Lagerlöf stands among the few great novelists left alive in Europe . . . a writer of undoubted genius."

Times Literary Supplement.

VAN ZANTEN'S HAPPY DAYS

By **LAURIDS BRUUN** (Danish)

Translated by **DAVID PRITCHARD**

Crown 8vo

Cloth

7s. 6d. net

"A most remarkable book . . . a very charming love story, well worth reading, and of quite an unusual kind."—*Court Journal.*

"A charming love story."—*Scotsman.*

"An extremely frank piece of self-revelation . . . vivid and picturesque . . . a romance related with insight and charm."

Liverpool Courier.

"Realistic freshness . . . frank and fascinating."

Southport Guardian.

"Full of memorable pictures, and breathes a comfortable atmosphere of blue seas and skies, coral reefs and fertile nature."

Egyptian Gazette.

Nature Studies by SVEND FLEURON (Danish)

KITTENS

Translated by DAVID PRITCHARD

Crown 8vo

Cloth

6s. net

"A fascinating study . . . a fine story of the wild."—*Court Journal*.

"A wonderful book, to be read with delight by all animal lovers."
John o' London's Weekly.

"Will be gratefully welcomed by every lover of animals."
Nottingham Journal.

"The material for a good many entrancing nature study lessons can be drawn from the vivid pages. . . . The book is also interesting in itself . . . among the best of its class."—*Schoolmaster*.

"One of the best of recent animal studies . . . will be read with delight by all lovers of cats."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

GRIM

The Story of a Pike

Crown 8vo

Cloth

6s. net

"Should be read by every armchair philosopher who has temporarily forgotten what a terrible thing life really is."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Anglers who have battled with pike will find the story well to their taste."—*Midland Counties Express*.

"It is a wonderfully told story. . . . It is not a book to nag at, but to enjoy. . . . Once taken up, it may hardly be put down before the end is reached."—*Sportsman*.

"Angling readers will follow Grim's adventures with keen relief."
Observer.

"The story is attractively told."—*Field*.

"Svend Fleuron is a Danish writer who may challenge comparison with such naturalists as Richard Jefferies or Ernest Thomson Seton."
Times Literary Supplement.

"One of the best fish stories we have read."—*Court Journal*.

"All the busy, restless life of ditch, and river, and creek pulsates through the pages of this brilliant piscicultural little study."—*Outlook*.

